Vol. XI JULY, 1900 No. 7

THE

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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THE

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The list of contributors to the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE includes nearly every United States citizen whose name has become identified with Arctic exploration, the Bering Sea controversy, the Alaska and Venezuela boundary disputes, or the new commercial and political questions arising from the acquisition of the Philippines.

The following articles will appear in the Magazine within the next few months:

"The Growth of Germany," by Professor J. L. Ewell of Howard University.

"The Dikes of Holland," by Gerard H. Matthes, U. S. Geological Survey.

"The Manila Observatory," by José Algué, S. J., Director of the Manila Observatory.

"The Annexation of the West," by F. H. Newell, Hydrographer, U. S. Geological Survey.

"The Native Tribes of Patagonia," by Mr J. B. Hatcher of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

"Explorations on the Yangtse-Kiang, China," by Mr Wm. Barclay Parsons, C. E., surveyor of the railway route through the Yangtse-Kiang Valley.

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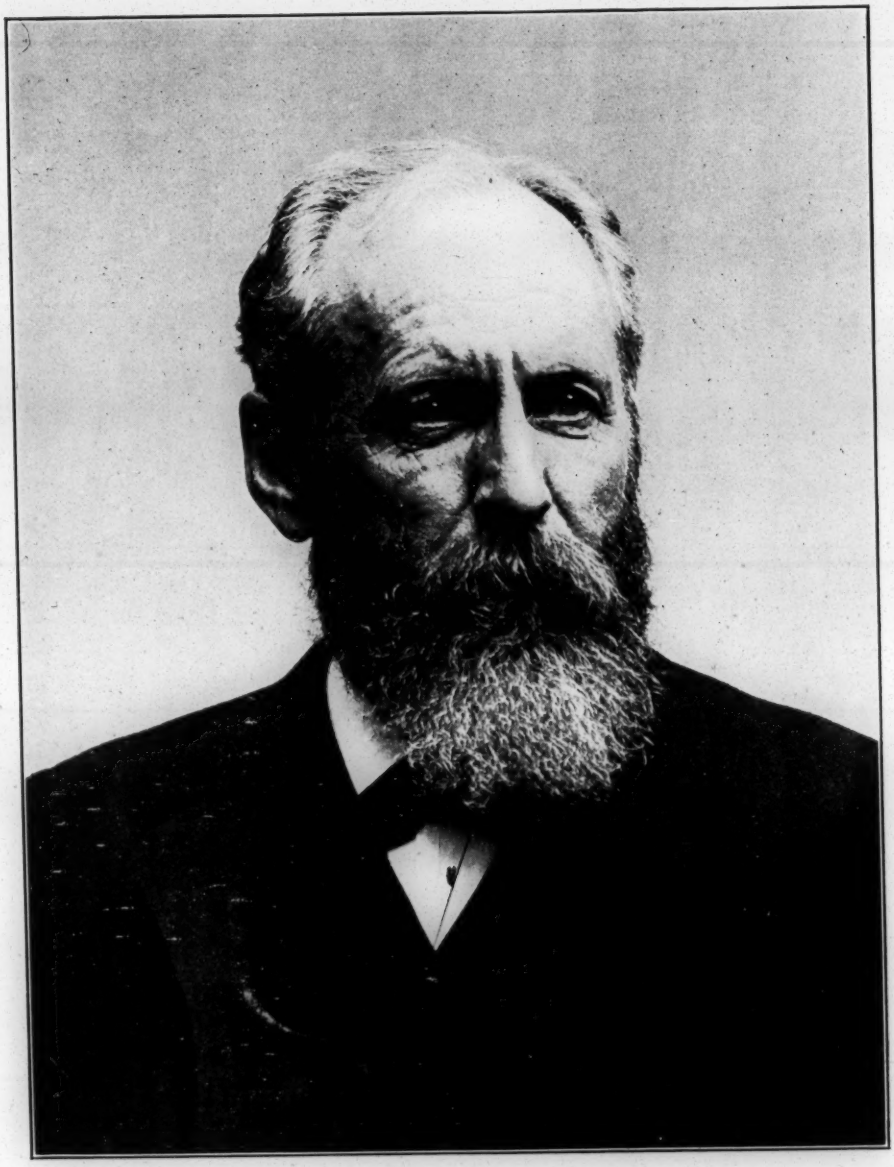


G. K. Gilbert

THE
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

VOL. XI JULY, 1900 No. 7

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND

By EDWIN D. MEAD, LL.D.,
Editor of the New England Magazine

The name and fame of Sir Walter Raleigh are perpetuated in the name of the capital of one of our states—a state which I wish bore the name of Roanoke instead of North Carolina, that a double historical lesson might be taught. I wish that there might stand in the center of the city of Raleigh, which perpetuates this historic name, a worthy monument to the great movement for the English colonization of America. The central figure of that monument would be Sir Walter Raleigh. At Worms, on the banks of the Rhine, where Luther made his great protest against the Empire and the Church, is that greatest and most distinguished of all monuments, as it seems to me. The figure of the great reformer is surrounded by the forms of Wyclif, Savonarola, Huss, Melancthon, the Elector, and the various men who, in the political and intellectual advances of the time, and the preceding time, were coöperators with him in that great movement which we call the Reformation; so I wish that this great movement for the colonization of the New World by our English race, one of the most momentous chapters in history, might have a similar commemoration. Surrounding the central figure of Sir Walter Raleigh should be Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Davis, Capt. John Smith, Bartholomew Gosnold, and dear Richard Hakluyt.

In that notable time there is no figure so romantic as his. There was no other mind so generous and so capable, of so great comprehension and scope, as his, concerning the opening of this New World. He it was who, in the pressure and the dangers of that time, most clearly discerned that it was from America that Spain derived so

much of her wealth and power. He became inspired by the desire that England should have a foothold here, and that she should supplant Spain in the New World; and at last, after the failure of all the colonies which he sent out, one following another, to occupy new ground here—at the last, toward the close of life, the great prophet and believer said, "America will yet become an English nation." All honor to the prophet!

When we study the expansion of England we should remember that that work in its beginning was a chapter in the history of America.

THE FIRST EXPANSIONISTS—HAWKINS, DRAKE, AND FROBISHER

It was not until 1584 that Raleigh established his first colony at Roanoke, and just before that the activities of that adventurous set of men began who conferred so much glory on the age of Elizabeth. A score of years before, when Elizabeth became Queen, the fortunes of England were never at so low an ebb. For five centuries before that England had claimed portions of France, and her kings and queens had been crowned kings and queens of France as well as of England. It was at that very time that England lost her last hold upon the continent, and the England which Elizabeth came to rule was the smallest England in history for centuries, yet it was the period that began with her reign which was the most glorious in the history of England.

In a certain sense, the expansion of England—at any rate, of English thought of the world—had its beginnings with Alfred the Great. Alfred loved geography, and his mind went out from the little island which he ruled to the great world outside. The few writings of Alfred are most interesting; his books adorn the libraries still, and the most interesting chapters of them all are on geography. He was the first influential Englishman who had what we may call a geographic imagination; but he did little for the expansion of England. It was the Elizabethan age that began that work, and it began in ways that seem a little queer to us with our somewhat different notions of political morality.

Sir John Hawkins was one of the first English adventurers who sailed the sea to some purpose for Elizabeth. It is a familiar story how he sailed out from Plymouth with ships named "John the Baptist" and other pious names to carry slaves from the east coast of Africa to the West Indies and compel the Spaniards to buy them of him at the cannon's mouth, for there was a law in Spain that her

colonies should buy slaves only from Spanish ships. Sir John Hawkins would have none of this, and her colonists bought them at the cannon's mouth. While they were on this business these pious people seem to have had little idea what sort of business it was. The chaplain of one of the ships on that slave business thanks God for sending a calm to "save his elect" from the waves in a storm. He prays Him not to let his elect suffer; and so, he says, there was a great calm.

The boldest and most ambitious of these adventurers was Sir Francis Drake, sailing out from Plymouth for the circumnavigation of the world. He had sailed on daring voyages before that. I think there are few scenes in that Elizabethan time more interesting than that of Francis Drake climbing to the top of a tree on the Panama mountains from which he could look east to one ocean and west to another, with heart full of longings to sail those Pacific seas. One thrills at the thought of his sailing in his few ships, scarcely larger than our little coasters, pushing through Magellan Strait, along the west coast of the continent, and over the Pacific to the Philippines and other places which the history of these last two years has made so familiar to our own students of geography. Occasionally, when he had a chance to put in a fight with a Spanish ship, he "annexed" goods; and finally, after all his incredible adventures, he got back to Plymouth. It is a great story.

We might follow Davis and Frobisher in their efforts to push up to Greenland and through to India by the northwest passage, for that is one of the most interesting moments in this early history of English expansion. But little came of it. There is a certain poetic fitness in Drake and Hawkins sailing together and both finding their deaths in the West Indies—one at Porto Bello and the other at Porto Rico—where the English rivalry with Spain had been so long and violent.

What was the result of all these adventurous sailings of the sea? At the end of the reign of Elizabeth not one inch of settled territory in the New World remained in the possession of England. But this was accomplished by it: These wonderful dare-devil adventures of Hawkins and Drake and the rest were great training experiences whereby Drake, Hawkins, and the rest were fitted to face Spain, and to face Spain successfully, by and by, when the Armada came, and to crush that power forever as the great foe of liberty in the north of Europe. That the English came out of that conflict as conquerors was due to the fact that by all these adventures, many of them so questionable, they had been trained, and that their navy had been

built up to a degree commensurate with the responsibility they had to face.

THE BEGINNING OF THE DEFINITE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND WAS THE DEFINITE EXPANSION OF AMERICA

It was not until 1606, the Roanoke colonies having been failures, that the definite expansion of England, which was the definite expansion of America, began in the first Virginia charter. It is an interesting thing, however, going back through the century before, when, one after another, five or six nations, in one way or another, were struggling for this New World—Portugal and Spain having it all divided between them at one time—to find that there breaks, little noticed, into the midst of the commotion of all these powers one little English squadron. In 1497, on the coast of Newfoundland, we find John Cabot, sailing out under English auspices and under English orders. As one of our historians has well said, the appearance, in the midst of all the noise and ambition, of the little English fleet, just for a moment, was like one of the musical *motifs* suddenly appearing in the midst of one of the dramas of Wagner. By and by with its reappearance we see that its first appearance was a prophecy of what was to come, and by and by again it grows and becomes the dominant note, controlling all the rest. So it is that the appearance for a moment, in the midst of the squadrons of Spain and Portugal, of that little English fleet was a new *motif*. It was a prophecy of the time when that English *motif* should be dominant and England should be the controlling power upon this continent.

The great men of England, the rulers of England, thought little of the events from which have sprung such great results. In our own time our American poet has written, in his essay upon "*New England Two Centuries Ago*," of the little company who came out of England and landed at Plymouth, that they were destined to influence, beyond any others, the future of the world. That in truth was to be the work of the Puritan. Not a man of high place at the beginning of that seventeenth century realized the significance of that coming. It was an event destined to shape human history, to alter the whole course of affairs in the world; yet I suppose few things at that time happening in England attracted less attention.

On the last day of the sixteenth century, December 31, 1600, something else happened, of a very different kind. On that day Elizabeth set her name to the charter of the East India Company. Those who

are familiar with the many efforts in the years before that to push English trade into the East remember of the founding of the Muscovy Company in 1555 and the amazing stories told by adventurous Englishmen who pushed through Russia and Persia and so found a way to the East. From papers which Sir Francis Drake captured from Spanish ships, he learned for England the methods of a different trading system with India; but it was not until that last day of the century that the East India Company was actually founded. Some may remember the story of the first little fleet. In Malakka Strait the three or four ships fell in with a great Portuguese ship and fight was at once opened. It was the habit in that day to open fight with almost any ship that had plunder. It was in 1601, almost a score of years before Bradford, Brewster, and Carver sailed from Plymouth near by, that this first East India Company's fleet sailed from Tor Bay—the place, it is worth remembering, where, in 1688, a king was to land in England from Holland to supplant the last of the race of Stuarts. We see the beginning, in that little piece of piracy, as we should call it, in Malakka Strait, of the East India Company's work.

THE TWO CONTRADICTORY ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH EXPANSION—THE SPIRIT OF LAWLESS ADVENTURE AND PIRACY AND THE LOVE OF FREEDOM

In these two instances—in the silent, unobserved coming of the men of Plymouth, an event calculated, as our poet has truly said, to work a revolution hardly second to that wrought by the men who went up out of Egypt, and in the piracy of the East India Company—we have an illustration of the two forces and qualities which we have to keep in mind as we survey the great work of English expansion, the growth of the English empire in the world. A great race, indeed, is this English race—the best race in the world, it seems to me—but a race whose blood has ofttimes been altogether too red, and which, in the great fight for freedom, has itself always had to fight with the bad elements in its midst—those elements so inconsiderate of the rights of other men, which have so often brought disgrace upon the English race and which every one of us should always remember with shame and with misgivings and apprehension. These two strains we find running side by side in all this great history. We find in the era of colonization the spirit of lawless adventure and piracy running side by side with the love of freedom and the devotion to godliness. Our poet has said again of the Puritan colonists, the men who came to

Plymouth and Boston and Hartford, that they were "the first colonists in history who went out not to seek gold, but God." We shall find, as we study English colonization, that it is always the former of these elements, the gold-seeker, that has started the fighting, and that the freebooting colony has by and by come to grief, sowing the seeds of quarrels from which they reaped such a tragical harvest for England and for the world.

With this epoch of colonization England became more than the people of the little island—England became a world people; and we in America remember that it is as she has become what she is that we have become at all; and as we come back to this seventeenth century, which was the great century of the expansion of English freedom—the century in which Englishmen declined to allow that an English king could rule by divine right, but decreed that he was "as much a creature of law as the pettiest tax-gatherer in the realm"—it is important to remember that the great Puritan movement which accomplished this was a movement on both sides of the Atlantic. It brought in the Commonwealth in England, and Oliver Cromwell and Sir Harry Vane worked for the same things for which our fathers were working here—for the true expansion of England. Freedom was worked out in America and England alike; each side reinforced the other. It was precisely at that time of the Commonwealth that English power was felt as it had never been felt before in the affairs of Europe. If there was wrong—sufficient wrong—the power of Oliver Cromwell would be felt in Italy, in France, and among the Alps, as well as in England itself. The English navy took its definite shape and became a power in the world during the Commonwealth.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND IN AMERICA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY A MATTER OF CHANCE AND NOT OF FORESIGHT

We have been reading, the last fifteen years, the brilliant work by Professor Seeley, who was one of the most learned professors in Cambridge twenty-five years ago, when I had the good fortune to be there, and who possessed one of the most comprehensive and acute minds which have dealt with modern history. His book upon the expansion of England has almost given us a new definition of English history in the eighteenth century and since. The main thesis of his book is that as the seventeenth century had been the century which expanded and upheld English freedom, the eighteenth century marked the era of English expansion and empire; that the wars of the eigh-

teenth century, which otherwise perplex us, were really waged to plant English power permanently in America and other lands; that they were not waged primarily for continental purposes, but were waged for America and for the expansion of England.

I think that Professor Seeley, with his vivid imagination, goes a little too far in that book. He is in danger of ascribing to England that which England only blundered into. He does not bring out adequately, what I think the historical scholar must in the end declare, that the wars in the eighteenth century—the wars which we have named after King William, Queen Anne, and King George—were not waged for America and the expansion of England. England struck here and France struck here because it was a convenient way in which to strike for home purposes. As a matter of fact, all these colonial enterprises served for the expansion of England, and Englishmen were carrying them out; but the significance of America was something hard to grasp by England as a nation. As we study that century the thing that impresses us is the indifference of England to these colonies—the failure to apprehend what America meant and what the possibilities of English expansion were.

The one man of that eighteenth century who understood in some measure the meaning of that word America was William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham. When he first said, in 1755, concerning the Seven Years' War, that it was being waged in behalf of the despised and neglected colonies, he said something that few men in England could even understand. I have stated that I should like to see rise in the city of Raleigh a monument to English colonization. We also need a monument to William Pitt, the first great Englishman to realize what America was to be. We have, indeed, named one of our cities after him, and it has become a great city. Never was a city more fortunately named than Pittsburg, standing on the site chosen by Washington himself as a key to the situation in the struggle in the West in that great campaign of England for North America.

As we go on to the next century, the most eventful year is 1759, the year of the capture of Quebec by Wolfe. That event was significant because it settled finally that England, and not France, should control this continent. When, on the evening of that September day, under the stars, Wolfe and his gallant men climbed the banks that led to the heights of Quebec—on that September night the great West, the Mississippi Valley, dotted with its forts and garrisons, was in the possession of France. That great country from Nova Scotia to the

Mississippi passed, as a result of the battle of Quebec, from the possession of France to that of England. New France on the morning of that day was a thing of the past. New England was simply a little strip along the shore. It was a great day—more significant even than the day of the Declaration of Independence—because it settled that England, the Anglo-Saxon race, should be the dominant force on this continent. When the shades of evening fell on that eventful day the dying Wolfe murmured, "I die happy"; but he could not know how much he had done. Montcalm said, with true divination, that he had struck a greater blow at his conquerors in their victory than he could have done in their defeat, for he foresaw that the English race on this side of the Atlantic would not remain in subjection to the mother country. As one of our historians has truly said, there is no event in modern history more significant, more fraught with great consequences, than the capture of Quebec. We speak of the great significance of the War of the Revolution; we speak of the significance of our Civil War; but the greatest war ever waged here was the war which ended in the triumph of Wolfe upon the plains of Quebec, and which determined that this America should be forever New England and not New France.

With the victory of Wolfe upon the heights of Quebec, says an English historian, the history of the United States began. Montcalm knew well that the only thing that could keep these English colonies a part of England was the danger which they were in from Canada, and he knew that when Canada passed into English control the feeling of independence among these Englishmen was such that they were sure in time to have their separate national existence.

GEORGE WASHINGTON THE EXPANDER OF ENGLAND

With the victory at Quebec truly the history of the United States began. The American Revolution was thus assured. What was the American Revolution? It was a movement which gained us our independence; but it was more than that. We have noticed that Puritanism was English and American. The movement which we call our Revolution had its two parties alike, one on one side of the ocean and one on the other, and Chatham and Burke and their associates in all that conflict stood shoulder to shoulder with George Washington and Sam Adams. Edmund Burke did not find it difficult to see that the men behind the redoubt at Bunker Hill were the true

representatives of the English idea; that Sam Adams was a true Englishman when England set a price upon his head, and George Washington, bombarding the English army out of Boston. England lost America because England at that time had one of those spasms of folly which she has once in about so often.

There are two Englands, I have said—one that always stands for that which is true and progressive and liberal, and the other which is always kicking against the pricks and standing in the way of progress. England has been one of the greatest of nations, the English race one of the greatest races in the history of the world; but from the beginning down to this time England has again and again been up to her knees in wickedness. Through the efforts, the energetic criticism and rebukes of earnest Englishmen—such as, in our time, Cobden, John Bright, and Gladstone, Bryce, and Morley—there has always been reaction from the folly and always hope of progress, and so we trust it may prove today.

Freeman, the great English historian, toward the end of his life wrote an essay upon George Washington as the Expander of England. It seemed to some of us here in America, at first, a rather startling designation. We had not thought of him as an expander, but rather as a contractor, of England; but the title was correct and the historian's insight true. George Washington was the expander of England because he first taught England that her power, that the English empire, could grow only as England everywhere did justice, and that everywhere when she did injustice and struck down the freedom and the rights of men, there her empire was in danger. George Washington drastically taught England that lesson, though she did not learn it immediately. He taught it to us, though it may take us time to learn it. He was the expander of America, and in all the talk of the expansion of the English race let us never think of this as coincident simply with the history of the British empire. We of English blood here in America are as truly a part of the English race as Canada. Our growth has been so great that perhaps we are today the more powerful part of the race. Our growth has been a part of English expansion. That expansion here went on the faster through our independence. It is a question whether the independence of Canada tomorrow might not mean the expansion of England in that quarter from that time on more rapidly and wholesomely than expansion has gone on there in the last century.

THE MOVEMENT FOR THE POSSESSION OF INDIA AND THE DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND COINCIDENT WITH THE LOSS OF HER AMERICAN COLONIES

I mentioned the coincidence of the planting of Plymouth and the organization of the East India Company. I note another coincidence. Washington began his work as the expander of England in that great struggle of England for North America. In 1753 was his first expedition beyond the upper Potomac to the site of the present city of Pittsburg. His report of that expedition, when he came back to Virginia, was his first appearance in print. The next year it was reprinted in London. Copies of that book by George Washington, printed by somebody in Fleet street, I think, are to be found in the libraries. I love to think that into that little book shop in Fleet street, or wherever it was, there may have strolled one day two very different men, because they were both in London in that same year, 1754, to pick up that book. One of them was a young Irish lawyer who had just come to London and was busy paying attention to almost everything but the law. I love to think how that young Irish lawyer, Edmund Burke, may have come into that little book shop; and of another man, of about Edmund Burke's age and of about George Washington's age, who came back to England that year from India, where he had entered upon one of the most eventful careers in modern times. It was in 1754 that Robert Clive, who had begun his work in India just as George Washington began his work, came back on his first visit to London. In that London book shop they might also have read of the Congress at Albany, New York, at which Benjamin Franklin submitted his plan for the union of the colonies for the purpose of defense—a noteworthy utterance of that idea of federation destined to play so considerable a part in the expansion of England.

The movement for the possession of India by England was a movement precisely coincident with the loss of her colonies here in America. Clive was born in 1725, and died in 1774, just the year before our Revolution broke out. Macaulay compared Clive to Napoleon as a military genius, and said that if Robert Clive had not died in England and had come over here, instead of Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton, we might have had a harder job in getting our freedom. It is worth remembering here that Cornwallis, who, so disastrously to England, surrendered in America, became afterward Governor-General of India and a successful administrator there, as in Ireland. It was under Clive that the foundations were laid of the great British Indian em-

pire. His history reads like a romance. With a few men he was able to crush entirely the French power in India. It seemed in 1755 as if France was much more likely to stay in India than England, but France lost India just as she lost America. The great battle of Plassey, fought by Clive just after the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta and other battles almost miraculous in their results, by which Clive laid permanently the foundations of the British empire in India, is familiar history. Warren Hastings succeeded Clive. He was the first real Governor-General of India, and whatever criticisms may be brought against him, he was one of the most efficient administrators the modern world has seen.

Precisely coincident with the capture of India by England and the rise of the United States of America was the great career of Captain Cook, which more than anything else gave England her great southern possessions in Australia and New Zealand; and now the history of England in South Africa begins. Captain Cook sailed those southern seas, and his reports startled England with a sensation hardly less than that with which Columbus startled Europe. In July, 1776, the same month as that of our Declaration of Independence, Cook sailed on his last voyage. Australia, New Zealand, and the great southern colonies of England have all grown up within the century.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COLONIES COINCIDENT WITH THE GREAT REFORMS AT HOME

I mentioned Washington as the expander of England. He taught England the great lesson necessary to her expansion. He first taught it, but it was only under Lord Durham that she truly learned it. Lord Durham was one of the greatest Englishmen in the whole history of the expansion of England. He was a modern Englishman, who stood shoulder to shoulder with Peel in the great effort for reform in 1831. It was full of the spirit of that great reform movement that he came out as Governor-General of Canada. He found still a central government, almost as tyrannical as that of the old *régime* which Parkman has exposed to us. He said, and said in a way that made England see and believe it, that if she would hold her colonies she must give them real self-government, and give up that habit of over-governing which had cost France her American possessions. Lord Durham's career in Canada was a short one, but Lord Elgin took up his work and carried it on. Lord Durham's idea spread, and England has continued to hold her vast possessions, and has found them loyal and

enthusiastic helpers. She made her colonies self-governing colonies.

This movement for the improvement of the government of the colonies was precisely coincident with the great reforms at home. This is a thing directly concerning the expansion of England itself which all must remember: her great advances were all along the line—at home and abroad together. We talk of England learning the lesson of honest civil service from the Indian service. The improvement at home and in India went together. Constitutional reforms at home and a true civil service have grown steadily. Coincident with her advance in democracy at home, as illustrated in the time of Lord Durham and Peel, as illustrated in the civil service and in other movements of these threescore years, has come whatever is praiseworthy in the great movements abroad.

In the work of her great colonial administration England has shown us some of the noblest statesmen of modern history, men who have done more almost than any others to make this world more orderly and a better place to live in. Sir George Grey was a typical man in this age of expansion, with whose life we ought to be familiar. His life, beginning in 1812, almost spans the century. He died two years ago. He was the son of one of Wellington's colonels, and early in life, after work in the exploration of Australia, he was appointed governor of South Australia. He was one of the first governors of New Zealand, and one of the first governors of Cape Colony. There is no chapter in his biography more didactic and wholesome than that on his government of Cape Colony, especially that portion showing his judgment of all those movements which, culminating this last year, have brought England to the melancholy pass which we see in South Africa. Most wholesome is the exposure of the futility and fatality of the effort to manage colonial details from Downing Street. Men like Sir George Grey, by the great reform measures for which they strove in New Zealand and Cape Colony, have helped England toward the things which might so easily save her from such folly and sin as this war in South Africa today. It was an Englishman who well said that what South Africa needed at this time was rest and not a surgical operation.

WHEREIN THE MIGHT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE RESTS

The British empire is an empire today greater than four Europes. Britain has more than half of the trade of the world. Do we realize what a factor the British empire is in the world? The four great facts

of this century are the expansion of the British empire, which a century ago had hardly begun at all; the building up of this English America, which a century ago was merely a little strip of land along the coast, which has extended westward from the Atlantic to the Rockies, to the Pacific Ocean, to the Orient, until it stands the companion of the British empire; the industrial development of Germany, which has taken place with amazing rapidity, and the immense development of Russia. The great development of the British empire, the real development of the British empire, does not lie in the fact that there are three hundred millions in India under her control. It is that in Australia, in New Zealand, in Canada, are great nations of Englishmen growing up strong, with power to stand on their own feet, a masterful race of men, destined to occupy those fresh, green places of the earth.

As to India, it is exceedingly doubtful whether she has been a source of power at all to England, and not rather a source of weakness and danger. No people can be kept permanently in leading strings. A policy which leads to that is a policy which leads to ruin. More and more India is being filled with educated men. They are anxious to take a part in the great life of the world. I talked with one the other day from Calcutta. He said that it seemed to him that America understood India better and was fitted to help her more than England. An Englishman never looks at an Indian without looking down. Americans seem to sympathize with them and look them in the face. He told me the story, so well known in its outlines, of the great development of the Indian National Congress, and of those various movements which are begetting in India a national self-consciousness. The presence of England in India has doubtless been a good thing, on the whole. All the well educated Indians with whom I have discussed it feel that. They say that this is what has opened up the world to them, and that the unity which, along with whatever wrongs, England has brought was necessary. But the British presence there can have a true outcome only as it regards itself as a great school and political training place for those millions of men. It is the greatest problem which ever confronted the English empire. It is only as she looks forward to self-government that India can fare well or England's *régime* in India be true to the traditions of England itself.

French political philosophers used to say that there could never be a large democracy, that the public spirit and unity necessary to a republic could never extend over a large area. They said it because they could not see what the developments of the century would be;

because they knew nothing of the railroad or the telegraph or the modern newspaper. The United States, as we know it, is, for political purposes, a vastly smaller thing than the United States which elected George Washington President. The occurrences of the last two years have taught us much geography and some new things about politics. They have not always kept at the front, I fear, the one great principle of our Monroe doctrine, that important side of it which commands that this republic should stand for democracy throughout this hemisphere. That shipwreck of this principle of friendship for self-government has so often been made for political purposes is indeed to be regretted; but the vicissitudes of the last two years have taught us in America that there are no longer for political purposes two hemispheres, but only one round world. In 1823 the ocean was a barrier; today it is a bridge. America today has no responsibilities and no rights in Bolivia or Venezuela that she does not have in Holland, in Japan, or in the islands of the Pacific. That is one great lesson that is being taught us in this day. We hear a great deal of a federated British empire. Such a federation as that of the United States today would have seemed impossible to the founders of the republic. The thought of a federated empire, in whose parliament representatives from Canada and Australia should sit side by side with the representatives from London and Liverpool and Birmingham, would have seemed impossible to Sir George Grey in his earlier life; yet it is a thought which became familiar to him and is now dawning upon England. Such a federation is one great thing to which we look forward. It may be that it is not important. If the British empire goes to pieces, the great work of the English race will go on much the same. The independence of Canada, of Australia, and of South Africa may come as the independence of the United States came. I confess, however, that I should like to see a federation of the British empire. I think it might be a forerunner of that federation of the world of which the poet dreams. By virtue of the universal order, whose coming that might promote, the banners shall be furled and the war drums cease to throb.

Amidst all the wonderful expansion of territory, amidst all the grasping of filibusters all the way from Sir John Hawkins down to Jameson, the vision in English minds of freedom, of independence, and of an orderly world has been the great and real expander of England, the source of that in English growth which is most welcome and which we most love to consider. A great Swiss scholar, in the home of Calvin, has written better than any Englishman or American,

of whom I think, of modern democracy. He showed us that it was out of the bosom of our English race, out of the Puritanism of Eliot and Hampden and Hooker and Vane, and not out of the French revolution, that the democratic tendencies of the modern world had their rise. England has gone on developing that democracy, but it has been slowly. England has become an enfranchised nation only in our time. When Gladstone, in 1866, championed the first bill for the extension of the suffrage, England had only a little over one million voters in a total of over five million male adults. It was only in 1885 that England really became an enfranchised nation. At that time there were over three millions of "outlanders" in England, and the party which fought the efforts of all those years to make England a true democracy was that very party that in the last two years has been so anxious for the suffrage for certain English gold-miners in distant Africa!

England is in many respects, let us be quick to acknowledge, a more democratic nation than we are. The will of her Parliament is always the mirror of the will of her people. In the wonderful extent to which her people are doing things upon a coöperative basis, in their municipal achievements, the operation of street railways, and the doing of other things by the people for the people, England is making herself a truer commonwealth than our own. She is cumbered by her monarchy and hereditary aristocracy, and needs republican forms. We are thankful for anything in which she outstrips us, as we are thankful for anything in which we outstrip her. We have done wrong, even as she has done wrong, and we both sadly need purgation today; but the English race here and there, through the centuries, has been working for freedom, for the extension of edifying political ideas, and for better things.

As the American walks the corridors at Westminster, his heart does not beat fastest when he sees the painted kings upon the painted windows of the House of Lords, nor even when he stands by the white form of Hampden at the Commons' door; it beats fastest when, in the great series of pictures of English history, he looks on that of the Pilgrim Fathers leaving England to plant New England. England, who hurried them out, will not let that scene go today as a part of American history only, but claims it as one of the proudest scenes in her own history, too. It is a grateful thing. May the mother country and the daughter country stand shoulder to shoulder—never when either lapses into sin and does the deed of shame, but always when either is devoted to whatever makes for the peace and freedom of the world.

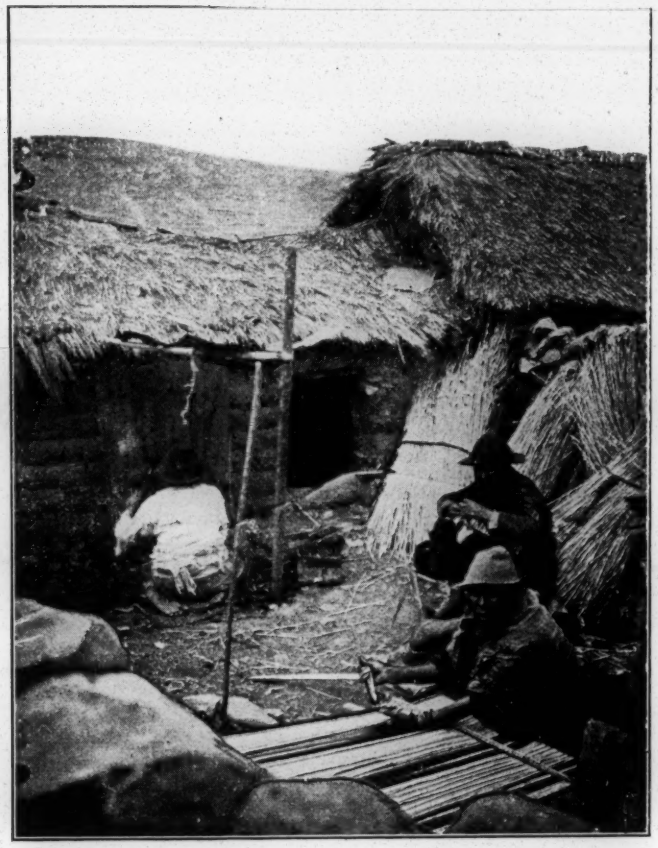
THE ROAD TO BOLIVIA

By William E. Curtis

(*Continued from the June number*)

Ninety per cent of the population of Cuzco are pure Indians, and the Quichua language, spoken by the Incas, is still in common use. The whites, who are comparatively few, are priests and monks, government officials, *haciendados*, and a few foreign shop-keepers, mostly Germans. The old families still retain ancestral homes filled with massive furniture, gilded mirrors, and costly hangings brought to Peru 250 years ago, when it was the richest and most extravagant country on earth and when the nobility and wealth were concentrated at Cuzco. Most of these houses are in a state of advanced decay, for their proprietors are suffering from hereditary and incurable diseases called pride and poverty. Their estates have been ruined by neglect and devastation of revolutionary armies, their mines are no longer profitable because of the low price of silver, and now nobody knows and many people wonder where they find the means of sustenance. Their pride will not permit them to work, and their poverty makes it impossible for them to develop the natural resources that lie dormant in their property. If their ancestors had shown as much energy in that development as they displayed in searching the Incas' ruins for treasure, there would have been permanent prosperity. Even now, after 350 years' digging for secret places of concealment, the Spanish inhabitants can always raise money somehow to pay the expenses of further excavations.

For more than three centuries the inhabitants of that region and the speculators of Europe have been plunging year after year into the icy waters of Lake Urcos to recover a golden chain of the Inca Huaina Capac, which was thrown there to spite the Spaniards. It was of pure gold, wrought into links about one foot in length and as large as a man's arm, and long enough to stretch twice around the grand plaza in Cuzco, which is nearly as large as Lafayette Square, in the city of Washington. At one time a syndicate was organized, with a capital of $5,000,000, to bore a tunnel to drain the lake. After spending a large sum of money it was found that the mountain was composed almost entirely of living rock, so that the enterprise was abandoned.



DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS

It was at Cuzco, more than a hundred years ago, that Tupac Amaru, "the Last of the Incas", a descendant of Huascar, organized an uprising of the Indians to exterminate the foreign invaders of Peru; but he was betrayed and taken prisoner, and, after being compelled to witness the execution of his wife and son, was himself "quartered" by wild horses in the great square of Cuzco, under the walls of three churches dedicated to a merciful God. Iron rings were forged upon the wrists and ankles of the young Inca, to which four chains were attached, and each chain was hitched to a restive and powerful horse. When the cruel arrangements were completed the master of ceremonies

cracked his whip at the frantic animals, and each horse started in a different direction, tearing the body of Tupac Amaru into four pieces.

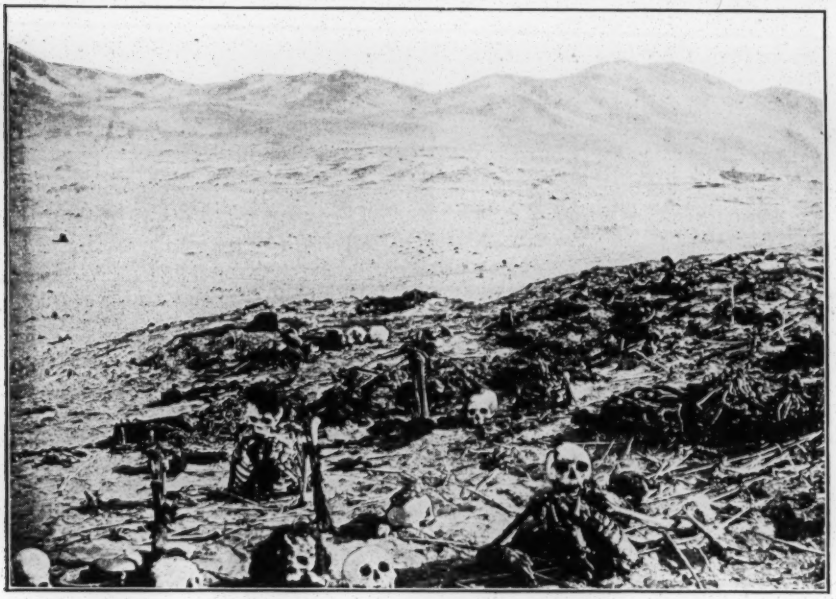
Cuzco is 11,380 feet above the sea, and occupies one of the most beautiful sites ever selected for a city, which, according to tradition, was chosen by Manco Capac and Mama Occlo Huaco, those mysterious beings who taught the arts and industries to the savage Indians of the Andes and founded a dynasty that grew in power until it dominated half the continent of South America. The climate is salubrious and healthful. Within 20 miles down the valley all the semi-tropical fruits and vegetables are produced, and, although the soil has been cultivated for centuries, it still yields harvests of all the staples of the temperate zone.

On a hill known as Sacsahuaman the first Inca built his palace, which was surrounded by temples, convents, and fortifications. The nuns of St Catalina now occupy the restored ruins of the palace of the Virgins of the Sun. The friars of Santo Domingo occupy a magnificent and extensive monastery, rebuilt from the walls of the Temple of the Sun, which was perhaps the most extensive and imposing building in America. The accounts of its splendor and riches that have come down to us from those who destroyed it are beyond belief. They said it was four hundred paces square, and inclosed courts, gardens, shrines, and various other apartments decorated with gold for religious sacrifices and ceremonies. The cornices were of solid gold, and at the eastern end of the great courtyard a massive plate of gold, representing the sun, spread from one wall to the other, 60 feet in diameter. The walls of a dozen other temples, palaces, convents, and fortresses still are utilized, so that it is easy to define the outlines of the ancient city, and if the stories that its conquerors told are only half true they sheltered an accumulation of riches whose value is beyond computation.

There is little of interest to the modern traveler outside the ruins and the ecclesiastical edifices which the Spaniards erected upon them. The market-place, particularly on Sunday morning, is worth visiting; but the Indians are a sullen, reticent race and lack the dramatic and picturesque characteristics that make the Amayras of Bolivia so attractive. A few Americans live in Cuzco—two Protestant missionaries, a dentist, a miner or two, and the men who are building a stage road to connect with the railway.

One day in a country village we got a glimpse of a curious custom among the peasants. Squatting in the churchyards, in a row, were

ten or twelve women from the mountains, while opposite and facing them were an equal number of surly looking men. Between the two was a rude cross, held upright by a few stones laid against its base and trimmed with artificial flowers. The *alcalde* explained that the men had been brought there for discipline. They were charged by their wives with drunkenness, abuse, neglect, and improvidence, and the village priest would hear the evidence, render judgment, and administer correction the next morning at 8 o'clock. When asked what sort of correction would be administered, he shook a stout stick, and



AN INCA CEMETERY

remarked that he would lay that on the backs of the worst ones, while the others would be sentenced to various forms of penance.

Before the railway was built it was a journey of 30 days from Cuzco across the desert to Bolivia, and even now some people prefer to go that way. Thousands of burros and llamas are still engaged in competition with the railways transporting ores, wool, hides, and carrying back into the mountains cotton goods, hardware, and other merchandise.

The *arrerios* are usually accompanied by their entire families, and

as their lives are spent coming and going across the burning sands of the desert, it is a matter of indifference how long the journey lasts. The animals are the capital of the *arrerio*. The desert is his home. His wife helps in the driving and sleeps by his side on the sand. They have no shelter, but wrap their *ponchos* around them and lie down to pleasant dreams with their bare feet and legs exposed while ice forms in little streams around them. As the camel to the people of the deserts of Asia, so is the llama to those who dwell in the Andes, a faithful and enduring beast, without which they would be helpless, for mules and horses cannot endure the rarefied atmosphere. Even the burros have their nostrils slit in order to breathe. When a horse is first brought into the high altitudes of the Andes, the blood drips from his mouth, ears, and nose. Mules are more enduring, and burros are better still, but the llama is native to the snow-clad peaks and thrives best where other animals find existence impossible.

This mysterious region is the most elevated of human habitations excepting Tibet, which is known to Asiatic geographers as the "dome of the world." The latter represents only mountain pastures, but the great Andean basin supports towns and cities, affords food for herds of cattle, llamas, vicunas, and sheep, and produces annual harvests.

Here, at a mean level of 12,645 feet above the sea, is a lake almost as large as Lake Erie, the highest navigable water, of immeasurable depth. The fossils upon the mountains that inclose it leave no room to doubt that within a recent geological period it formed a vast inland sea, extending possibly over the entire basin between the two ranges of the Andes, whose waters now have no visible means of escape. The eastern boundary is formed by the loftiest mountains of the American continent and the greatest continuous snow range in the world. Nowhere else within human vision can such a battalion of monsters be seen, and in sunshine they remind one of a procession of mighty icebergs, rising with majestic dignity behind a screen that is formed by the intervening foothills.

A curious phenomenon is that metal never rusts in the waters of Lake Titicaca. You can throw in a chain, anchor, or any article of ordinary iron and let it lie for weeks, and when you haul it up it will be as clean and bright as when it came from the foundry; and, what is stranger still, rust that has formed upon metallic objects elsewhere will peel off when immersed in its waters.

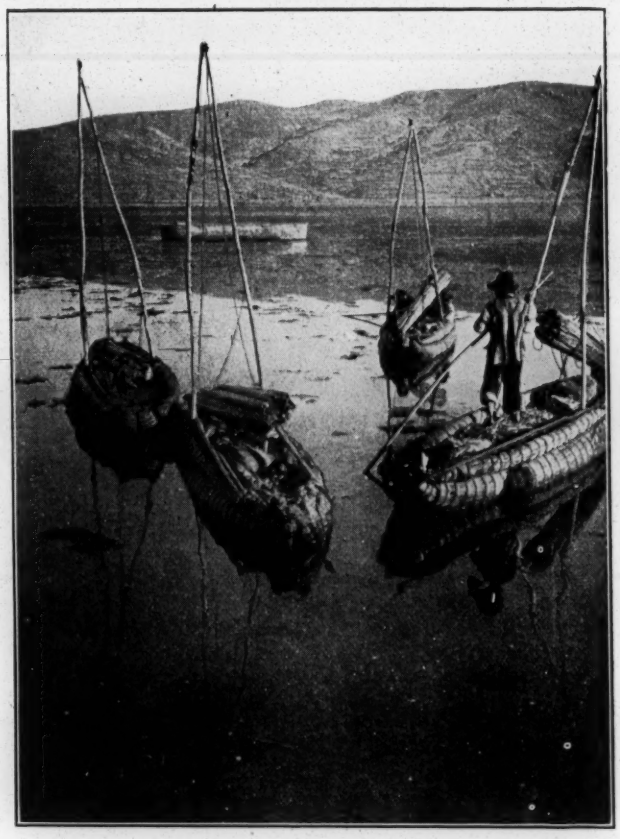
The greatest interest centers in the Island of Titicaca, the Eden and Nazareth of the Inca traditions, where appeared their Adam and Eve,

the children of the Sun, to redeem and regenerate. Early in the Christian era a man and a woman appeared one morning in the presence of the astonished natives on the Island of Titicaca, who said that they had been sent by the Great Creator, the father and ruler of all things, who inhabited the sun, to lead them into a better life, to teach them the knowledge of useful things and improve their condition. Previous to the arrival of these mysterious missionaries the Peruvians were divided into rude and warlike tribes, ignorant of useful industry and culture, knowing no law and no morals.

The Island of Titicaca is now the property of Mr Miguel Garces, of Puno. A village of 700 or 800 Indians are living in mud huts and raising wheat, barley, and potatoes among the remnants of the earliest culture of America. The island lies a mile or so from the main shore, from which it is separated by a bottomless channel. The nearest port is the little town of Calle. There is no communication except by *balsas*, the curious craft that are older than history, and were used by the Incas, as they are used by the Indians today, for transportation. They are built of barley straw, tied together in bunches, and then bound by wisps in the shape of a double or treble gondola.

The Indians who inhabit the island are usually docile and industrious, for they are compelled to wring a scanty living from the unwilling soil, and are assiduous in their religious duties at a little chapel attended by a native priest, although they still retain many of the rites of their aboriginal religion.

The ruins of the palaces and temples which formerly covered this sacred place have been the object of investigation by archæologists for nearly four centuries—ever since they were destroyed by the Spanish invaders—and much of the material used in their construction has been carried away for building purposes, both upon the island and the mainland. It is remarkable that even one stone should be left upon another during the 360 years since the *conquistadors* invaded the peaceful precincts of the place, for they destroyed and plundered everything of value, and those who have been searching for the secrets of the extinct civilization have overturned nearly everything that the Spaniards left. Among the best preserved of the ruins are the royal baths of marble, as sumptuous as those of Italy or Greece at a similar period. The bottoms were carefully covered with a mosaic of small stones, and the water was received through the throats of the eagles, condors, and serpents wrought in gold and silver.



BALSAS ON LAKE TITICACA

Upon the Island of Coati, six miles from Titicaca, was the harem of the Inca, where the remains are much better preserved than those upon the Island of Titicaca, and the principal walls are almost intact. This island was dedicated to the moon, and in the convent were many concubines selected for their beauty and their blood.

The little port of Chillilaya lies at the southern extremity of Lake Titicaca, and is reached by a weekly steamer from Puno, the terminus of the southern railway of Peru. La Paz, the actual capital and commercial metropolis of Bolivia, is 45 miles further on, reached by a road almost level at an elevation of 12,500 feet above the sea. The stage-coach, drawn by eight mules, is driven by a jehu whose language and

gyrations are calculated to excite alarm among nervous people who do not know that mule-drivers in South America always act that way. Beside his long whip, which is handled with great skill and accuracy, he carries a bag full of small stones, and shies them with an aim that David himself could not have excelled. Indeed, he can touch the tip of the ear of the leader of his eight-mule team nine times out of ten with a pebble not larger than a pigeon's egg. The road is covered with boulders that vary in size from a baseball to a washtub, round and smooth, and they are strewn from one end of the journey to the other. It seems as if all the boulders in the world had been collected and dropped into the roadway.

Like the rest of the great plateau that lies between the two ranges of the Andes, the area from Lake Titicaca to La Paz is divided into a few enormous farms, dotted with groups of stone huts that have been occupied for generations, and even centuries, by the ancestors of the tenants who till the ground and herd the sheep and cattle. The relations between the landlord and tenants are similar to those of the old feudal times in Europe. The former exercises patriarchal authority over the Indians that live upon his lands, and they serve him with loyalty as long as he allows them a measure of independence. The *haciendas* seldom change hands. The property is inherited by one generation from another, and the customs of the country are so fixed and rigid that they are seldom violated by either employer or employed.

The stone huts of the tenants are usually found in little groups or villages, and occasionally among them you find a little chapel which is attended by a *padre*, who exercises an influence among his parishioners even greater than that of the *haciendado*. In addition to his spiritual ministrations, the *curé* is expected to maintain a school for the children of the parish, but in most cases these duties are purely theoretical and the Indians remain untaught.

As the journey to La Paz approaches its end, the traveler enjoys a startling surprise. The highway across the plateau leads to the brink of a cañon 1,100 feet deep, whose walls are almost perpendicular, and which in color and topography resembles the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. At the foot of this mighty gorge lies the capital of Bolivia. The first glance shows a vast expanse of red-tiled roofs, occasionally broken by bunches of foliage or graceful spires, and a river tumbling down from the mountains is crossed by picturesque bridges of massive masonry centuries old.

Rome, you know, sat upon seven hills, and if that is an advantage,

La Paz is more notable than the Eternal City, for it covers forty hills and hollows. Two or three of the main streets that lie along the ridges are reasonably level and wide enough to accommodate the traffic of a population numbering 60,000 or 70,000. There has never been a reliable census. Fine houses of heavy walls of stone or adobe are painted in giddy colors—blue, green, pink, purple, or orange—and often embellished with fantastic designs that are very much admired by the Bolivians, who love gay color, music, and motion; but most of the streets are narrow and steep like stairways, with sidewalks, except the *plaza* and the principal trading streets, and paved with small cobblestones, with the sharp ends up, so as to lessen the danger of slipping in damp weather. The best hotel we have ever found in South America occupies the palace of the former viceroy. The unfinished cathedral, which adjoins the government "palace", where the president resides and the heads of the executive departments have their offices, is an enormous structure, large enough for a city of ten times the size of La Paz. The brick walls, eight or ten feet thick, are veneered with dressed stone, and some of the carving is beautiful.

Other cities in Bolivia are not so far advanced as La Paz. Most of them still adhere to the antiquated manners and methods which their ancestors brought from Spain. There is certainly no part of America—I think it safe to say that there is no spot in the civilized universe—that is so far behind the age or where the modes of the Middle Ages prevail as they do in Bolivia.

The *plaza*, which is overlooked by the windows of the hotel, is a pretty place, has a fountain from which the poorer families draw their daily supply of water, and a number of well-kept plants. Every alternate evening, at eight o'clock, a military band plays, and the entire population turn out to promenade. It is almost their only social diversion, as opera and theatrical companies seldom take the trouble to go so far as La Paz, and the exchange of hospitality is limited chiefly to the men. On the other nights the band plays in the Almeda, a handsome promenade shaded by eucalyptus trees and furnished with rows of iron benches.

At the elevation of 12,500 feet above the sea the atmosphere is so rare that breathing is difficult, and people afflicted with heart disease or weak lungs or a superabundance of flesh must avoid exertion as much as possible. The veins in your head feel as if they were about to burst. You pant like a tired hound as you climb the steep streets

INCA BURIAL TOWER NEAR LAKE TITICACA

of the city or the stairway of the hotel, and are compelled to stop every few moments to recover your breath. There are sharp pains in the lungs, a drowsiness about the head and eyes, and when you lie down to sleep at night your heart will thump against your ribs like a pile-driver.

The temperature reaches 80 at noonday and falls to 24 degrees at night in winter. During the summer months the extremes are almost the same. The lowest record for 1899 was 19 degrees above zero. The maximum was 84. The temperature often varies 50 degrees in 24 hours. The extremes are less inside the walls of the houses, which are so thick that the heat does not penetrate them. It always seems colder indoors than out, and, as there is no way of warming the houses by stoves or furnaces or fireplaces, it is very uncomfortable. We lit all the lamps we could get, regardless of the extravagance, for the hotel-keeper charged 60 cents a night extra for each of those luxuries and 25 cents for candles. We put on overcoats and hats, wrapped our legs in fur robes, and huddled around a center table, trying to be amiable and happy, but it was no use. The only warm place was the bed between the blankets. There is only one stove in La Paz, and that warms the office of the American legation. Mr Bridgman, our minister, brought it from New Jersey and had a ton of coal shipped from Australia through the railway people at Arequipa.

The natives are short, stocky fellows, beardless and broad-shouldered, with great powers of endurance and a courage and stoicism similar to that of the North American Indian. Their ancestors formed a part of the Inca Empire, having been subjugated by the Peruvians 200 or 300 years before the Spanish invasion. Their food consists chiefly of beans, dried peas, parched corn, dried potatoes, and cocoa, while they chew coca constantly. The coca habit among the Bolivians is as general as the opium habit with the Chinese or smoking among the Irish.

A very interesting character frequently met with in the Andes is the *Callaguaya* or Indian doctor, as he is familiarly known. You find him everywhere—resting upon the benches of the *plazas* in the city, tramping over the mountain trails, sunning himself against the wall of a cabin by the railway station, drinking *chica* in the market-place, inspecting cattle in the corral of the *hacienda*, and curing the sick persons in their mud huts. You find him in the railway cars and among the deck passengers on the coast steamers, where he pays his way by practicing his profession. With no wardrobe but the clothes upon

his back and a bright-colored *poncho*, he travels barefooted from the Isthmus of Panama to Magellan Strait, carrying a pack filled with dried herbs done up in neat paper packages, cheap jewelry, pocket handkerchiefs and ribbons, watches and other articles for personal adornment, knives, forks and spoons, scissors, small mirrors, combs and brushes, and other small merchandise, which he sells for cash or trades for eggs and poultry, chocolate, beans, and cocoa, to be exchanged at the next town for more portable property.

The Indian women are ingenious and industrious, and have remarkable taste in colors and designs. They love gay tints and embroideries and wear quantities of adornments. They have a distinctive costume of home manufacture, which the dealers in imported goods fortunately have not been able to disturb. They usually wear a little Panama hat, braided of soft white fiber, with a black band, perched jauntily upon their abundant black hair, which hangs in two long braids down their backs. Their dresses resemble those worn by the peasants in the Tyrol. The short skirts of gay colors hang above the shoe tops, and reveal gay hosiery and native shoes of bright-colored leather, with long laces and high French heels. Sometimes the shoes are white, sometimes yellow, red, or purple—the brighter the better—and any color except black. Under the skirt are an indefinite number of white petticoats, elaborately embroidered and edged with lace. The waists are made of bright-colored calico, velveteen, and other fabrics, and around their shoulders they wear light shawls or scarfs, called *rebozos*.

The men go barefooted and barelegged and wear short, wide trousers of dark woolen cloth that are slit up the back as far as the knee, so as to give their legs free action in climbing the mountain trails. Under these trousers they have white cotton drawers, which always seem to be clean and well laundered. Upon their heads they wear close-fitting caps or hoods of knitted work or some dark woolen cloth that fit closely down over the ears and the neck like the hoods children wear in cold weather in New England. Upon this they wear hats of straw or felt, while their bodies are protected by the inevitable *poncho*, which is their coat by day and their blanket by night, a comprehensive as well as comfortable garment.

Colonel José Manuel Pando, the successful leader of the late revolution in Bolivia, chief of the liberal party and President of the Republic, resembles General Grant in appearance and manners. He is a stubborn man, so self-contained, silent, and immovable that they call him

the Sphinx. Short, solid, athletic, without an ounce of surplus flesh, accustomed to hardships, fond of frugal living, with a great capacity for physical endurance, he has spent the major portion of his life campaigning in the mountains and exploring the wilderness on the east slope of the Andes.

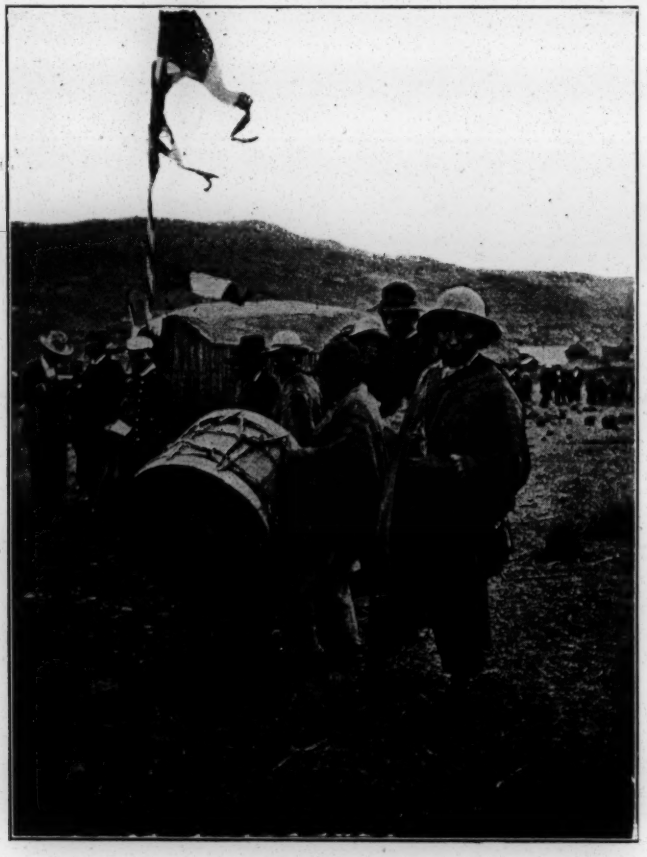
A celebration of the feast of the Asuncion occurred in a *plaza* in the northern part of La Paz. It is one of the most popular festivals in the calendar, and called in from the country several thousand Indians, who took possession of the town from noon of the day preceding the anniversary until toward night of the day following.

Along about two o'clock in the afternoon began the dances and other ceremonies which have been inherited from the days of the Incas, and which are said to be of serious significance, like the ghost dances of the Sioux, the corn dance of the Navajo, the snake dance of the Moki, and similar rites practiced by the red men of North America. Each group of dancers was attended by a band of musicians playing native instruments. There were some modern drums imported from Europe, but more of native manufacture, made of hollow segments of trees covered with goat skins; native guitars and mandolins, rude pipes of bamboo, and long trumpets of reeds. The music had no harmony or melody and was all in the minor key. Those who were not singing or dancing kept up a continuous chant in dreary monotones, and the leaders moved among them, gesticulating violently with their heads and arms.

At intervals the music and motions would cease and the performers would refresh themselves with copious draughts of *chica* and alcohol. The dancing and drinking continued all the afternoon and far into the night, until everybody was in a distressing state of intoxication. The pavement was covered with the bodies of men and women who were unconscious from drink and fatigue and the remainder were howling in the streets.

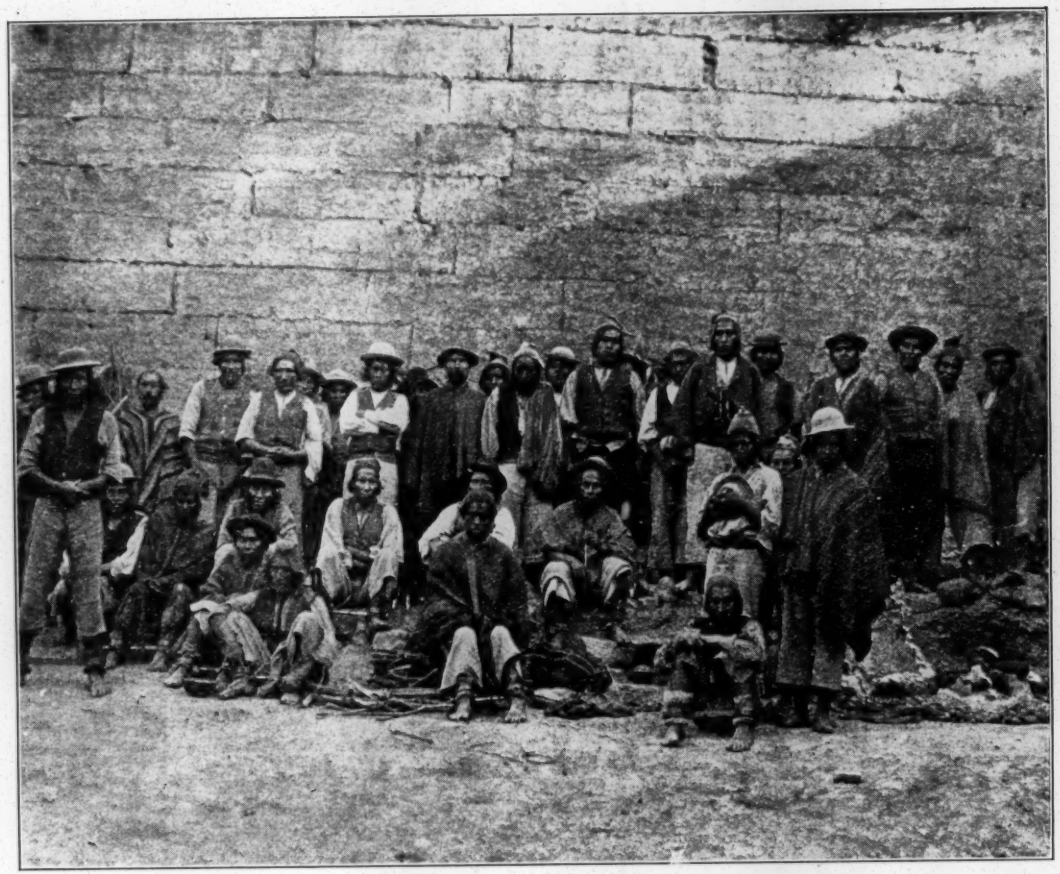
Not far from the Island of Titicaca a narrow peninsula projects into the lake, on which is a small town of great fame—the residence of the patron saint of Bolivia. Here in prehistoric times was the seat of a celebrated oracle, with an extensive group of temples and monasteries and the place of assembly of princes, priests, warriors, notables of the empire, as well as the common people, for the spring festivals which took place every year. The only ruin of importance which remains is a series of thrones upon the slope of a hill near Copacabana, which were evidently "the seats of the mighty", from which the Incas or the

priests addressed the people and witnessed the festivals. Some scientists hold that their age is greater than the Inca dynasty, and that they were the seats of judgment from which earlier monarchs pronounced decrees and proclaimed edicts. However that may be, they are among the most extraordinary relics of an extinct civilization. The early



BOLIVIAN SOLDIERS

Catholic missionaries did not resist the native customs of the Indians, but with exceeding skill amalgamated the most important of them with the authorized festivals of their own church. Upon the ruins of the pagan temples and with the same material of which they were built they erected at Copacabana a magnificent edifice, and upon the



BOLIVIAN MINERS

oracle seated an image of the mother of Christ, more renowned than any other effigy in America, and made her shrine the scene of the annual festivals which called together the inhabitants of the entire Andean region. Farmers, merchants, and manufacturers for hundreds of miles take advantage of the gathering to drive in llama trains laden with merchandise of all sorts. The people of the north exchange products with the people of the south, and the barter amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

The great church, built early in the seventeenth century, must have been a beautiful structure when new, and even in its present state of decay and neglect it is imposing and attractive. Before each altar is a table with a tin receptacle for candles, the smallest offering that a poor devotee may make to his patron saint, and thousands of them are constantly burning during the festival week. Here and there is a pathetic evidence of penitence in the form of wild flowers laid by the hand of some maiden upon the altar of the Holy Mother.

The image of the Virgin of Copacabana, the patron saint of Bolivia, stands upon an altar in a little chapel reached by a narrow stairway. The hollows in the steps tell of the millions of feet that have turned that way during the centuries she has been enthroned there, and her immense wardrobe, including many rare examples of embroidery and lace, and her large collection of jewels indicate the value placed upon her blessing. One of her rubies, fully an inch and a half long by an inch in thickness, curiously enough, was presented by a Turk who spent some years in Bolivia. It is said to be one of the finest rubies in the world. She has also a valuable collection of pearls. The image is about three feet in height, and, with the exception of the face and hands, is covered with embroidered robes and decorations of gold and silver of elaborate and artistic designs. The crown of gold, heavily set with jewels, is an elaborate piece of work, and the halo of the same metal, at least a foot in diameter, is encircled by ten diamond stars. In her hand the Virgin holds a candlestick and her arm supports a basket of gold filigree work, which is filled with costly jewels. The buckle of her belt is a cluster of large diamonds and her robe sparkles with other gems.

The peculiarity of the image, which is considered proof of its miraculous origin and attributes, is its power to emit light. I was not there in the evening and cannot bear personal testimony as to the phenomenon; but Professor Bandelier and others entirely worthy of confidence declare that after dark the little chapel is always

diffused with light, which proceeds from no fixed source, but is always sufficient to distinguish the outlines of articles upon the altar and objects upon the walls, and my informants were unable to detect any evidences of trickery. The image is said to have been carved in the sixteenth century by an ignorant Indian, to whom the Holy Mother herself sat as a model.

Persons who desire to receive the blessings of the Virgin pay a fee to a monk in the cloister of the adjoining convent, and are allowed to pass into the little chapel, where service is continuous night and day during the time of the festival. Bearing lighted candles in their hands, they approach the altar-rail and kneel. A bridal wreath is suspended by long strips of broad white ribbon in the center of the chapel. In a little gallery over the entrance is a band of music, with a cabinet organ, two horns, a flute, a 'cello, and a native instrument made of reeds. Behind the altar-rail stands a monk, assisted by two barefooted acolytes. As the devotees approach the altar, the acolytes take the candles from their hands and place them in the rack prepared for that purpose. They then kneel as closely together as possible in front of the altar, and a robe of white satin embroidered in silver, formerly worn by the image, is spread over their heads. The officiating monk moves his hand rapidly over the mantle and utters a blessing. The robe is then lifted and the worshipers depart with precious consolation.

In these few pages we have been able to see but little of that strange land where the sun shines in the north and Christmas comes in midsummer, but I hope that the little glimpse I have been able to give will induce many to make the journey thither. The compensations are greater than those offered by most of the countries to which our tourists go. The voyage, after you pass Panama, is the most delightful that the ocean offers, and the opportunities for investment are surpassed nowhere else. It is unfortunate that we know so little of the South American republics when they offer so much of value to us.

THE CHINESE "BOXERS"

By Llewellyn James Davies

The society or league which is now turning China upside down and forcing the attention of the whole world is known by various names. The one most commonly seen in the American papers is the "Boxers" or "Spirit Boxers." The origin of this name is to be found in the gymnastic exercises which constitute the drill of the society and in the mysterious incantations used. In the Shan-tung Province the society is commonly called the "Ta Tao Hui," or "Great Sword Society." This is one of the names used by the society itself, and is a general name. On the cards and posters issued by the society other names occur, which I understand to be of local use.

The "Boxer" society is one of the many secret societies of China, and, as is usual with such societies, has both a political and a religious significance. It is said to be of ancient origin. One Chinese tells me that it had its origin in opposition to the "Manchu dynasty", which has ruled China for the past two hundred and fifty years.

Whatever may have been its past history, the society has now collected its forces against the foreigners within the Chinese Empire. It has been preparing for this present outbreak for several years. About three and a half years ago I learned from Chinese friends that such a society was being organized, and that it was growing rapidly. Its anti-foreign purpose was known distinctly at that time. It was said to be spreading from the south toward the north. Those favorable to governmental reform and to foreign influences in the districts now overrun by these marauders felt and reported what may be called the ground-swell of the storm which has now so furiously burst upon them. Chinese Christians were told, "Well, you will soon have a chance to enjoy the heaven of which you talk;" and, "Soon, soon; your time is coming soon." Shortly before the outbreak it was frequently and plainly said that at no very distant date all foreigners and foreign sympathizers would be killed.

In organizing this movement the leaders established at convenient centers what were called "ying," or "encampments." The members of the society living in the neighborhood met to drill and recite their incantations at these places, and here new members were initiated.

Each encampment had, of course, a leader who was responsible to the higher officers. A card sent to each of these encampments, naming the place of the proposed attack and stating the number of men required from each, called out a party of such size as the leaders desired.

The vast majority of the Chinese are entirely ignorant of the simplest facts of natural science. To them the earth is still flat, and the sun is said to pass around behind a mountain in moving from west to east. The more superstitious worship the spirits, which are supposed to abide in or have charge of their spinning-wheels, hand-mills, stables, wells, manure heaps, street gates, and many other things. I know one man who is said to have worshipped thus over thirty spirits, believed to reside in various parts of his three-roomed hovel. Occultism and spiritism are rife.

The organizers of the "Boxers" have used this superstitious disposition for the furtherance of their ends. They have confidently asserted that those properly initiated into the mysteries of this cult, and whose "Kung Fu" or exercise of its rules was perfect, would by virtue of this practice become invulnerable, and thus be protected against all bullets or knives. This was not left to future test entirely. Several intelligent Chinese have told me that they had themselves seen advanced members of the society strike different parts of their bodies with sharp knives and swords with no more effect upon the skin than is produced by the wind. The members of the society believe implicitly in this invulnerability, and the people at large are convinced that the claim is well founded. No difficulty is found in explaining the death of society members in battle. In one instance, occurring early last fall, 30 or 40 miles from Tsi-nan-fu, 10 or 12 "Boxers" were killed by Catholics whom they had attacked. It was then discovered that on the evening before or on the morning of the battle these men had broken the rules of the society by eating certain proscribed articles of food. In this way their death but strengthened the faith of those remaining.

It was proposed at first to use no fire-arms in the extermination of foreigners, but to trust to the sword alone. Great reliance was placed on certain calisthenic exercises and posturings which were expected to hypnotize or terrify the enemy.

The "Boxers" are a patriotic party. Whether this means loyalty to the present dynasty or not is questioned. The Chinese have never forgotten that their rulers are foreigners. Manchu and Chinese are still distinct in dress and customs. The feeling seems to be quite

general among the people that the "Ta Ch'ing," or "Great Clear," dynasty has about run its course. and there is said to be in one of their sacred books a prophecy the fulfillment of which in the displacing of the reigning family is looked for at any time. Outwardly at least the "Boxers" are loyal to the Manchu dynasty. Their motto, seen on cards left by them with Christians whom they had robbed, is "Pao Ch'ing mieh yang." Literally this means, "Protect the Clear (present dynasty), exterminate the foreign." In idiomatic English it is, "Death to foreigners! China for the Chinese." From the beginning of the outbreak the avowed object of the society has been the expulsion from the country of all foreigners. This is no sudden turn in affairs, but rather a natural outgrowth of the general anti-foreign feeling. In a recent issue of the *Philadelphia Press* a prominent Chinese is reported to have said, "Foreigners of every nation are objectionable to a large majority of Chinamen, and when they see Europeans and Americans coming there, getting valuable concessions and preparing to cut up the country with railroads, they fear the invasion will eventuate in the extinction of sacred customs, and that the white man will rule the country." This statement expresses very fairly the mind of the Chinese people. They look down on every foreigner as a barbarian, and, since they have learned something of the power of European arms, to the contempt is joined fear. To this may perhaps be added a sense of injustice, resulting from the treatment received recently from more than one of the European powers. For example, both official and non-official people of Shan-tung complained bitterly of Germany's injustice in seizing Kiao-chau, and, whether rightly or wrongly, believed that the imperial German government had but used the murder of the German missionary priests to further its prearranged political plans.

From these three elements—contempt, fear, and sense of injustice—has been developed in the anti-foreign Chinese party a spirit of bitter animosity. The "Boxer" movement is but an expression of this hatred. It must be borne in mind, however, that economic conditions greatly assist the organizers. In good seasons the people of North China must secure two crops each year from the same land in order to maintain a condition of average welfare. If the spring yield fails there is considerable suffering, and if both spring and fall crops are bad, conditions of local famine result. A considerable proportion of the people are therefore always on the verge of destitution. In seasons of distress highway robbery is very frequent. The more

wealthy travelers carry arms, and during the winter months house-breaking is so common that one or more members of well-to-do farming families watch all night. Hence, beginning by looting the homes of Christian Chinese, the "Boxers" proper attracted to themselves a great company of the hopelessly poor, who, joining them for plunder, would be as ready to fall away when booty was no longer to be obtained. The anti-foreign character of the outbreak was apparent even in this robbery, as in more than one instance when those who were in no way connected with the foreigners had suffered, their goods were returned to them and apologies offered.

There is no evidence of a distinctively religious animosity in this disturbance. It is, of course, true that in a few minds the fear exists that the new religion will overthrow the old. But it is doubtful whether there has been sufficient growth in the Christian Church to generally excite this fear. Missionaries are attacked, not as religious teachers, but as foreigners, and Chinese Christians are robbed and murdered as those who "sui yang kwei tsi" or "follow the foreign devil," and not because they have changed their religion. The attacks have thus far been borne chiefly by the missionaries because they have gone to the interior, while most of the merchants are in the coast towns and treaty-ports.

Those who know the Chinese people find much to admire both in individual traits and in national customs. But the government of the empire is a tangle of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." The Chinese method of the past sixty years, of so-called intercourse with foreigners, is very aptly expressed by this quotation. The official class has never taken foreign relations seriously. In case of trouble the programme has been to promise everything, but to do nothing which by any means could be avoided. Local officials have more than once directly instigated anti-foreign outbreaks which have resulted in murder or destruction of property, and when the demands of the foreign government could be resisted no longer, have been degraded by the Pekin government; yet when the dust had settled sufficiently into the eyes of the too easily deceived foreigners, the same officials have reappeared in positions of greater prominence. The Chinese, high and low, are adept actors. Li Ping Heng was governor of Shan-tung Province at the time of the seizure of Kiao-chau by the Germans, following the murder by bandits of two German priests. Among other concessions secured by the German government was a decree against Governor Li perpetually disabling him

from holding any office. This decree was simply two big handfuls of dust, for in a short time this same Li Ping Heng was appointed to an office of great importance in the north, and it is reported that he is now one of the Empress Dowager's chief anti-foreign advisers.

In dealing with the "Boxers" the authorities of China have but continued these methods. The anti-foreign party has beyond question hoped for opportunity to rise against all foreigners and "drive them into the sea." Li Ping Heng petitioned the Empress Dowager to be allowed to resist the Germans at Kiao-chau by force of arms. Again, something over a year ago, it was commonly reported and believed that General Tung Fu Hsiang, during audience with the Empress Dowager, requested permission to use his soldiers, who were like himself bitterly anti-foreign, to attack the foreign legations in Pekin, and that he pledged himself to make short work of the ministers. It is said that the Empress showed signs of pleasure at his "loyalty" and of regret that she feared to follow his suggestions. It was under a governor of similar spirit that the "Boxers" began operations in Shan-tung last fall. In response to the representations of the missionaries, whose converts were being looted, he refused to admit the existence of any organized society, and it was not until two or three counties were in a state of practical anarchy that soldiers were sent from the capital. The avowed purpose of these troops was to protect the Christian Chinese from robbery and to catch and punish the outlaws. The real animus of the governor was shown when he recalled and degraded the officers who had punished the "Boxers" in a severe fight. The "Boxers" openly claimed to have the governor's sympathy, and after this battle the depredations were unrestricted. The Chinese soldiers had evidently been given orders not to harm the insurgents; for they refused to interfere, though called upon, even when the outbreak occurred within two or three miles of their camp. The recent action of the Empress Dowager in reprimanding General Nieh for attacking the "Boxers," who were destroying the railway from Tientsin to Pekin, is but a repetition on a larger scale of what the governor of Shan-tung did at the beginning of the troubles. In Shan-tung one county magistrate is said to have sent word to the rebels: "Save my face, and don't enter this city (county-seat); no Christians live inside the city." The magistrate of Po-ping county said: "Our own people we will protect, but not the converts of the foreigners."

It is the theory of the Chinese government that the people are nat-

urally ignorant, and that its officials are sent to all parts of the empire to instruct them in the duties of life. In a recent proclamation, when referring to troubles with foreigners, the Empress Dowager said: "The stupid and ignorant people who circulate rumors and stir up strife, proceeding from light to grave differences, are most truly to be detested. On the other hand, the officials, who have not been able at convenient seasons to properly instruct the people and prevent disturbances, cannot be excused from censure." The character of the instruction given the people may be seen in the following quotations from a pamphlet, issued a short time before the beginning of the present outbreak, by a county magistrate named Chao, at that time holding office in Hsia Chin County, Shan-tung Province: "Their religion is such as China never had, and is antagonistic to the doctrines of the sages, such as family relations, the laws of benevolence, and righteousness. In this regard these religions are inferior to Buddhism and Taoism. . . . Western sciences have their ancient root in Chinese principles, which have been stolen and shrewdly expanded. . . . As to occidentals, their chaos has just begun to dissolve and their savagery has not yet changed. They have no loyalty, no family rules, no true principles of sexual relations, no literature, and no truly civilized society. . . . Because their land is narrow they have come to us searching the limits of the land for their own gain. . . . In the matter of skillful search into the secrets of the earth they are far shrewder than we, but they do this simply for gain, and are barbarians still, with all their industrial skill. . . . They seek only gain from our country; they aim to deceive our people, to surround our land, to disturb our national laws and customs."

It may be that the Empress Dowager is merely an opportunist; but it seems much more likely that she thinks to realize fully the dreams of these past three years and to close the "coup" of 1898 by which the reformer, Emperor Kwang Hsu, was set aside and six of his advisers beheaded by a general onslaught on all the "foreign devils" who are infesting her domain. The moderate members of the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Office, have been displaced by enemies of the foreigners. In one breath she condemns General Nieh for punishing the "Boxers" and calls them "good citizens," and in the next, to hoodwink foreign governments, she orders them to desist. The appointment of Yuan Shi Kai as governor of Shan-tung, though nominally in the interest of order, can now be looked upon as noth-

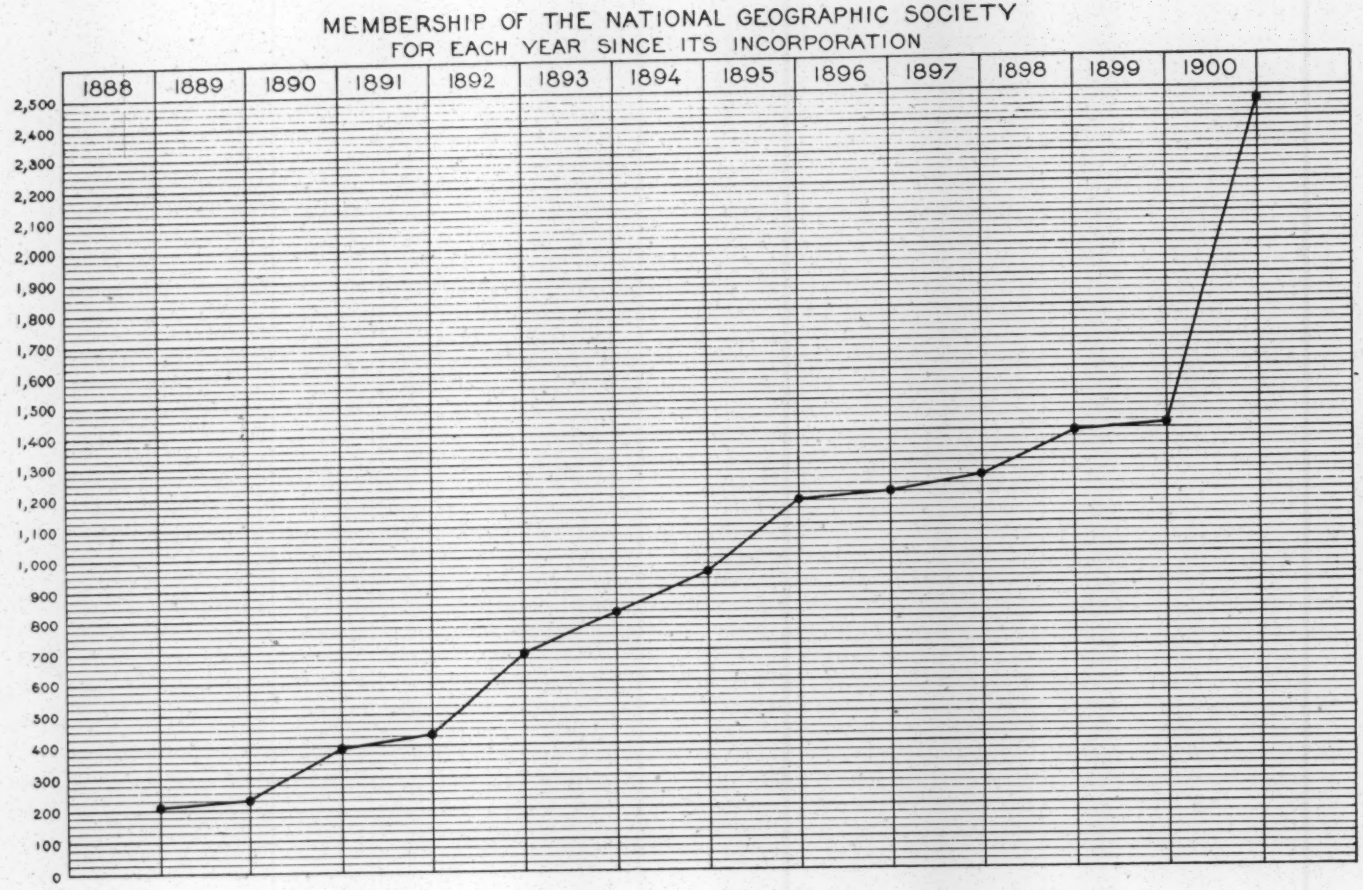
ing more than a temporary yielding to foreign demands while waiting for the proper moment for the present outbreak.

The anti-foreign outbreak has grown from what at first seemed but a plundering attack upon a few poor Chinese Christians in northwestern Shan-tung to proportions which necessitate international action and which threaten the very existence of foreigners and of foreign interests in China. It will not prove sufficient to quiet Pekin. With diplomatic relations restored, the Empress can, by retaining in the Foreign Office the anti-foreign ministers, wage a warfare of extermination on business and missionary interests throughout the provinces. The provincial officials would but carry out the secret edicts, while a corresponding series of pro-foreign edicts would tie the hands of consuls and foreign ministers.

I concur in the ideas expressed by Weng Tung Ho, tutor of the Emperor Kwang Hsu, and see but little hope of a satisfactory settlement of the present most deplorable situation outside some arrangement similar to that suggested. Weng says: "His Majesty is convinced, through amply trustworthy sources, that the loyal support of many scores of millions of Chinese will be accorded to his proposals for putting an end to the state of anarchy brought about by the action of the Empress Tsi An.

"The government of China, being virtually non-existent, the Emperor proposes that the foreign powers, whose troops dominate the capital, shall remove his imperial person from the palace in which His Majesty is confined a prisoner, shall declare Empress Tsi An and her present ministers to be usurpers, and shall bring Emperor Kwang Hsu to Nanking, Wuchang, or Shanghai, whichever the said foreign powers deem to be the most suitable situation for the new capital of the Chinese Empire under the new conditions. It is proposed by His Majesty and his advisers that the foreign powers should declare a joint protectorate and undertake the task of governing the country through His Majesty.

"China is ripe for the change of tide which the reactionaries vainly seek to stem. If it should be, on the other hand, that the foreign powers seriously contemplate the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire, they have before them the huge task of facing dense millions, who, although lacking training and making but contemptible soldiers, possess boundless powers of passive resistance, and would be able to wear out the patience of any European rulers seeking to govern them without regard to their prejudices."


MEMBERSHIP OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
FOR EACH YEAR SINCE ITS INCORPORATION
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

It is probable that at the first meeting of the National Geographic Society next winter some very important modifications in the work of the Society will be recommended by the Board of Managers. These modifications are largely the result of the growth of the Society during the past year, as shown on the chart on the opposite page. Between June 1, 1899, and May 31, 1900, the membership increased from 1,417 to 2,462. This rapid growth can, it is believed, be continued by maintaining the earnest and persistent efforts that have been so effective during 1899–1900. In a few years the Society may hope to number thousands of members where it now has hundreds.

The most important modification contemplated in the organization or work of the Society is the unification of membership. Already the non-resident members outnumber those resident in Washington. It is now proposed to abolish the distinction between the two classes of membership and give all members equal privileges. Among other changes under consideration is the delivery of lecture courses in the various cities of the United States as nearly identical with those given at the Capital as may be practicable. It must be understood, however, that none of these changes have as yet been considered by the Society. They were earnestly recommended by President Alexander Graham Bell at the annual meeting in May, were unanimously approved by the Board of Managers, and have been referred to committees, who will form and submit to the Society plans for carrying them into effect.

GROVE KARL GILBERT

The striking portrait of Prof. G. K. Gilbert, which serves as the frontispiece to this number of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, depicts more clearly than any words the strength and brilliancy of this eminent scientist. Mr Gilbert was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1843, and graduated from the University of his native city at the age of 19. After several years as assistant geologist in Ward Museum, Rochester, he was appointed geologist on the Ohio Survey in 1868, later on the Wheeler Survey, and then on the Powell Survey. Since 1879 he has been on the U. S. Geological Survey. On the death of Dr Edward Orton he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for 1899–1900. He is the author of "Geology of the Henry Mountains," "Lake Bonneville," etc., and many other valuable contributions to geological literature.

OUTLINE MAP OF THE FAR EAST

Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan were leased to Russia March 27, 1898, for 25 years, but the duration of the lease may be extended by mutual consent.

Wei-hai-wei was leased to Great Britain July 1, 1898, for as long a period as Russia shall remain in possession of Port Arthur.

Kiau-chau was leased to Germany January, 1898, for 99 years.

Hongkong was ceded to Great Britain in 1841, a further concession on the mainland being made in 1861, and a lease for 99 years of an additional 200 square miles being granted in July, 1898.

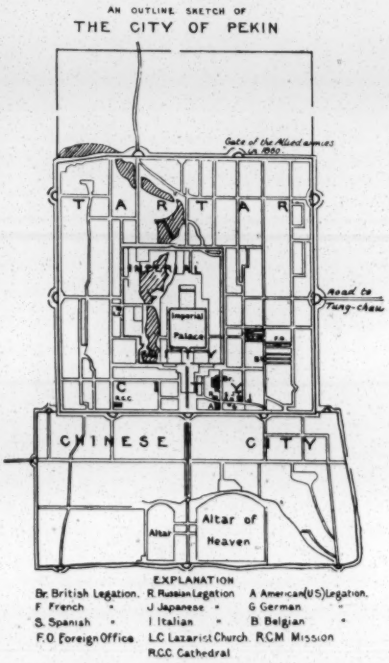
Kwang-chau-wan was leased to France in April, 1898.

The recent exclusive concession by Korea of a site for a coal depot and a naval hospital at Masampho has given Russia control of the finest harbor in southern Korea.

THE TSUNG-LI-YAMEN

The Board of the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Office, was created in 1861 to conduct all dealings with foreign nations and with foreigners. Of the character and working of the Board, Miss E. R. Scidmore, the Foreign Secretary of the National Geographic Society, relates the following in her book, "*China, the Long-lived Empire*," just published by the Century Company:

"Ministers have always a long, slow ride in state across to the shabby gateway of the forlorn old yamen, where now eleven aged, sleepy incompetents muddle with foreign affairs. As these eleven elders have reached such posts by steady advances, they are always septuagenarians, worn out with the exacting, empty routine rites and functions of such high office, and physically too exhausted by their midnight rides to and sunrise departures from the palace to begin fitly the day's tedium at the dilapidated Tsung-li-Yamen.

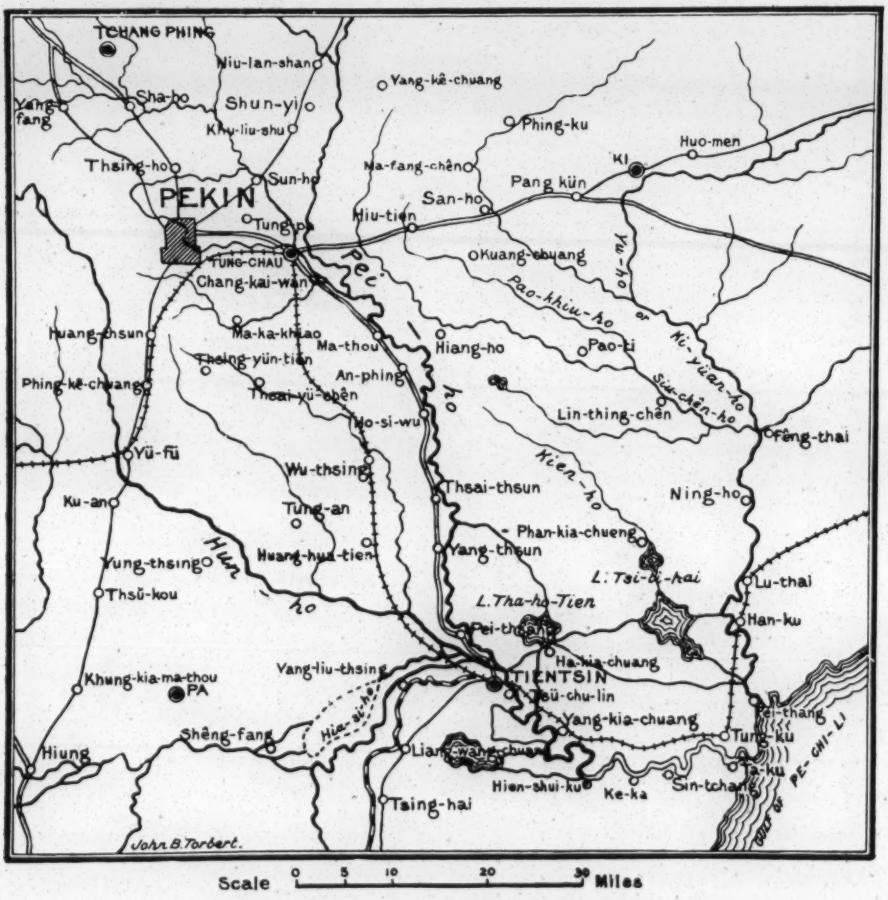

AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF
THE CITY OF PEKIN
Gate of the Allied armies in 1900
T A R T A R
IMPERIAL
Imperial Palace
Road to Tung-chau
CHINESE CITY
Altar
Altar of Heaven
EXPLANATION
Br. British Legation. R. Russian Legation A American(US)Legation.
F French " J Japanese " G German "
S. Spanish " I Italian " B Belgian "
F.O. Foreign Office LC Lazarist Church RCM Mission
RCC Cathedral

"The appointment for an interview with the non-committal, irresponsible Board must be made beforehand, the minister and his secretaries are always kept waiting, and the inner reception-room swarms with gaping attendants during an interview. Once the American Minister made a vigorous protest, and refused to conduct any negotiations while there were underlings in the room, and as it was business that the Chinese Government wished conducted, the minions were summarily cast out—cast out to the other side of the many-hinged, latticed doors, where they scuffled audibly for first places at cracks and knot-holes.

"The other envoys would not sustain the American protest, and soon the farce of the empty room was played to an end, and the servants came in with their pipes and fans, tea and cake and candies, as usual; stood about, commented on and fairly took part in the diplomatic conversations, as before.

"Every servant in a foreign establishment in Pekin is a spy and informer of some degree. Espionage is a regular business, and the table talk, visiting list, dinner list, card tray, and scrap basket, with full accounts of all comings and goings, sayings and doings, of any envoy or foreigner in Pekin are regularly offered for purchase by recognized purveyors of such news.

"Diplomatic secrets are fairly impossible in such an atmosphere. Every secret convention and concession is soon blazoned abroad. Every word the British Minister uttered at the Tsung li-Yamen was reported to the Russian Legation with almost electric promptness, until the envoy threatened to suspend negotiations and withdraw. Wily concessionaries know each night where their rivals are dining and what they have said; whether any piece of written paper has passed, and what has gone on at each legation in Pekin and each consulate at Tientsin. Every legation keyhole, crack, and chink has its eye and ear at critical times, and by a multiplication in imagination one arrives at an idea of what the palace may be like."

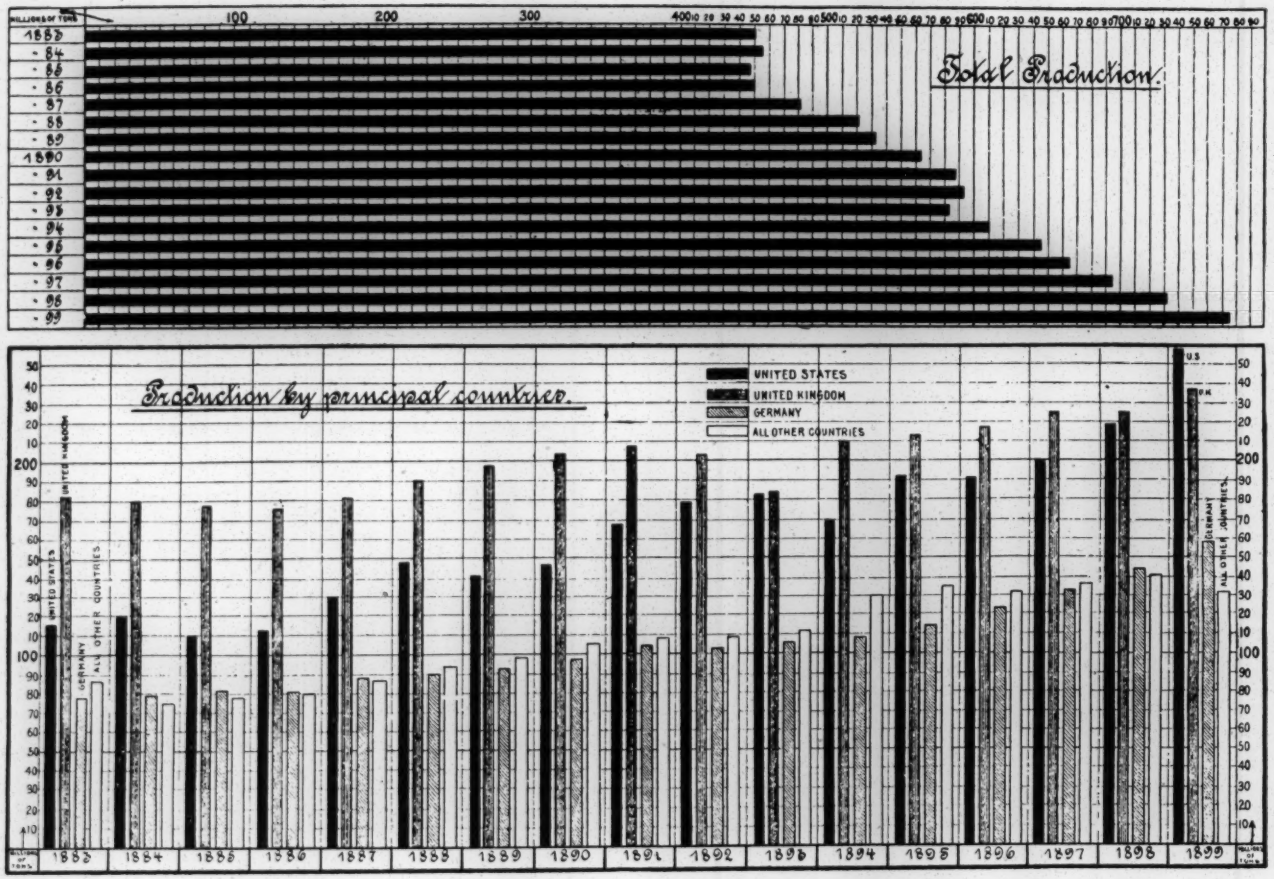


MAP SHOWING THE COUNTRY FROM TA-KU TO PEKIN

GEOGRAPHIC NOTES

TIENTSIN, the military key to Pekin, is at the junction of the Hun-ho and the Pei-ho, about 80 miles by road from the capital and 65 miles from Ta-ku. Gunboats and sea going junks can ascend the river only as far as Tientsin. The foreigners live in three concessions—French, English, and German—bordering on the river and covering an area of several hundred acres. The English have a very handsome town hall, a well kept public garden, and a recreation ground. The city has also two hotels, two clubs, a theater, an excellent public library, and three churches—Catholic, Anglican, and Union. Countless barges ply between Tientsin and Tung-chau, whence a wretched cart road of thirteen miles connects with Pekin. The railway between Tientsin and Pekin, completed in 1897, is now absorbing the larger part of this commerce. The population is now estimated at 950,000, and is increasing very rapidly, as Tientsin is the principal outlet for the trade of the provinces of Chi-li, Shan-si, Shen si, Kan-su, and the northern part of Ho-nan, which contain a population of about 100,000,000. In 1870 occurred the terrible massacre of foreigners, when the French Sisters of Mercy were brutally butchered.

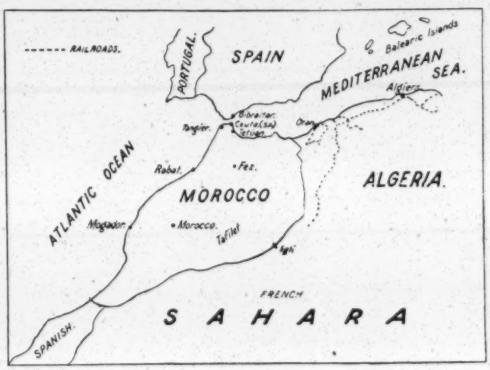
"THAT the Russianization of China will eventually be accomplished seems inevitable. . . . With the conquest of China the 8,000,000 soldiers of the Czar, who compose the army of Russia when on a war footing, could be increased to 40,000,000 fighting men, most of whom could live inexpensively on a handful of rice a day. With such an army Russia could dictate terms to the world." This statement, by Alexander Hume Ford, in *Collier's Weekly*, is an opinion very generally shared by the press of the United States. However, two facts are here taken for granted which have yet to be proved. First, has Russia now the ability to subdue the four hundred millions of China, and, second, granted that she can subdue them, has she the capability of moulding them and keeping them subservient to her will? The military strength of Russia in Manchuria and on the Pacific Coast cannot be estimated, but it is doubtful if she could muster, at the maximum figure, 100,000 troops. That such a force can cope with restlessness in China, especially when communication is by road only, is impossible. Russia has her hands full in the development of the vast resources of Siberia; here millions of colonists must be absorbed before anything can be attempted in China. Meanwhile, notwithstanding fierce reaction, progress must inevitably go on in China, solidifying the masses of the people. It is a problem whether the national spirit of the Chinese will not be soon unified to such an extent as to be able successfully to resist Russia when she is ready to begin her "Russianization." It is argued that because Russia has been able to absorb and "Russianize" the nomadic and semi-nomadic tribes of central and northern Asia that she will be equally successful in dealing with the Chinese. But the handling of immense masses of population that have a grand past from which to gain individuality is quite different from overawing weak and scattered tribes.



THE WORLD'S PRODUCTION OF COAL, 1883–1899. PREPARED BY O. P. AUSTIN, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, TREASURY DEPARTMENT

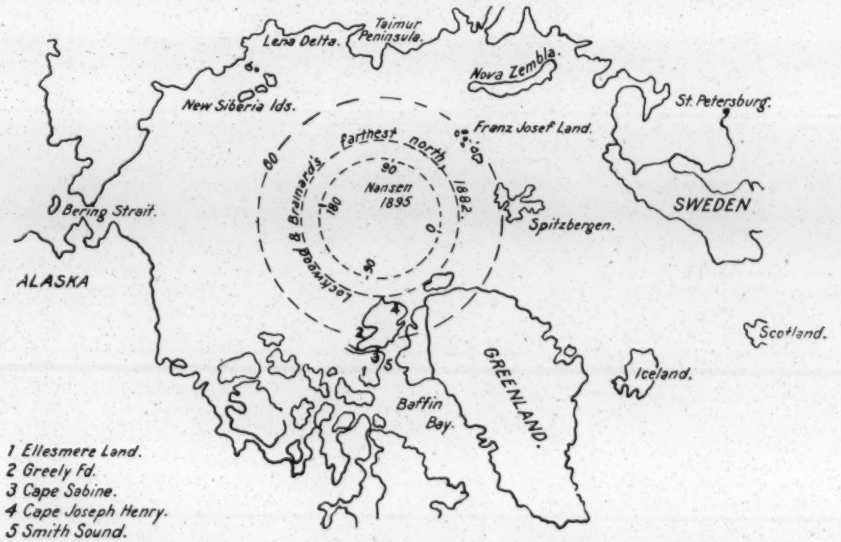
THE output of coal in the United States in 1899 for the first time exceeded the output in every other country. The mines of the United States yielded 258,539,650 net tons of the total production of the world, 775,000,000 net tons, or more than one-third. The figures given in a recent bulletin prepared by Mr O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, show that the increase of production in Great Britain, though very great, is not keeping pace with that of Germany and the United States. The average annual rate of increase for the 30 years ending with 1897 was for the United Kingdom, 2.33 per cent, for Germany, 4.60 per cent, and for the United States, 6.64 per cent. Austria-Hungary, France, Belgium, Russia, and Japan, in the order named, are the next largest producers.

ENGLAND has always maintained that Morocco, or at least that part of it adjacent to the Strait of Gibraltar, must remain neutral. It is now hinted, however, that she may assent to the acquisition by Spain of a slice of territory along the northern coast, allowing France to have the rest of the country, in case the partition of Morocco comes up for settlement within a year, as seems not unlikely. The French recently occupied Igli, on the border of Morocco and Algeria, and are said to be massing troops on the frontier—a proceeding that is naturally exciting the Moors, who are fiercely jealous of their independence and not easily controlled by the government. Under a good government Morocco might become one of the most prosperous parts of Africa. Her people show capabilities of much development. She has rich resources in iron, tin, and copper, and splendid forests of oak and pine, while her soil yields all the cereals of warm and temperate climates. The principal harbors are Tangier, on the Strait of Gibraltar, and Tetuan, on the Mediterranean. On the Atlantic coast there is no first-class harbor, though Rabat and Mogador are of some importance. The Spanish town of Centa occupies a narrow peninsula at the east end of the strait. The city of Morocco was founded nine hundred years ago, and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was a famous seat of learning to which the Moors of Spain sent their children. Barely 50,000 inhabitants now represent the 100,000 houses and 700,000 people which it once boasted. In any proposed partition of Morocco the desperate resistance of six million Moors, Arabs, and Berbers will have to be reckoned with.



THREE men are aiming for the North Pole this summer. The Duke of Abruzzi, after a winter of exploration in Franz Josef Land, planned to advance from that group of islands. This route to the North Pole is considered the

most difficult, as 500 miles each way, or 1,000 miles in all, have to be fought over ice and snow. The Italian prince is, however, of a splendid physique and an indomitable will, and he has with him the best equipped party that has ever started for the North Pole. (See NAT. GEOG. MAG., p. 362, vol. x, 1899.)



If Peary's plans have been successfully carried out, Cape Joseph Henry is now in his rear and he is sledding across the frozen sea ahead of Lockwood and Brainard's farthest north. This is Peary's third consecutive summer in the Arctics. Last year he passed in establishing a "road" lined with caches of supplies to Cape Joseph Henry, from which he was to make his dash this spring. (See NAT. GEOG. MAG., pp. 414, 415, vol. x, 1899.) The *Windward* sails early in July on the third of the series of annual reinforcements. She will be equipped for three years, so that Peary may keep her with him as long as necessary.

Sverdrup in the *Fram* is an unknown factor. His first year he accomplished little, as his ship was frozen in 50 miles to the south of Peary. It has been stated that he has given up his original ambition of gaining the Pole, and is confining his work to a careful exploration of northwest Greenland.

Robert E. Stein, with two companions, has passed the winter in Ellesmere Land, near Cape Sabine, where, it will be remembered, he was left by the Peary relief steamer last summer. Stein hoped to return this year on the Peary relief steamer, but, as the *Windward* will probably not return this fall, the chances are that his party will have to remain north another year. He may have already cast in his lot with Sverdrup, or later, when the *Windward* appears, he may join the Peary party.

G. H. G.

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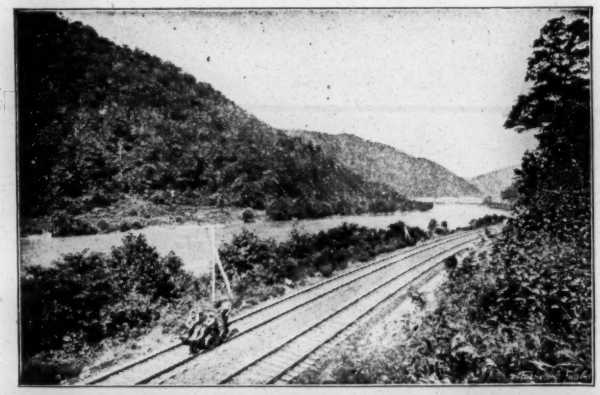

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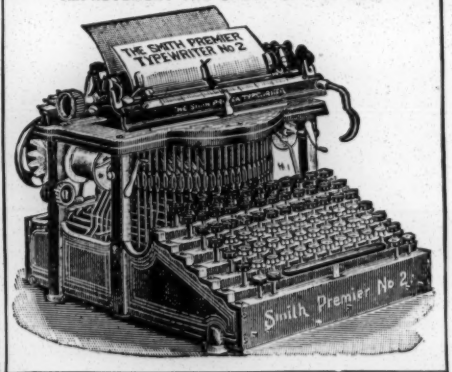

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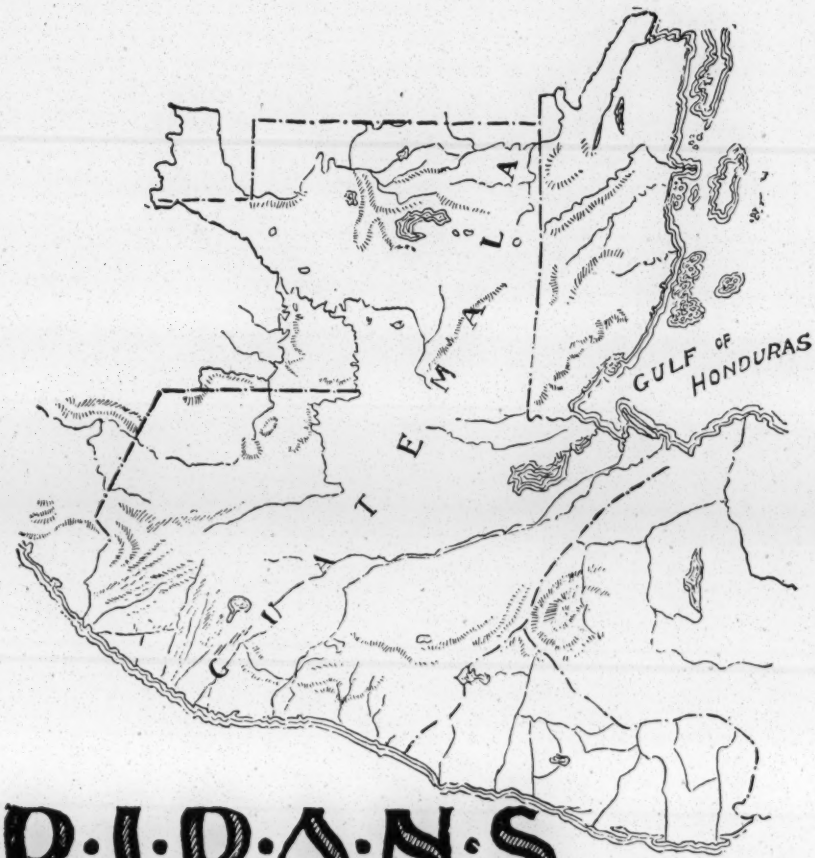

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